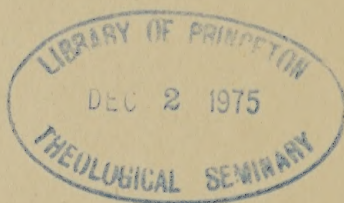
The background of the entire image is a complex marbled paper pattern. It features dense, swirling, and scalloped shapes in a palette of dark brown, cream, and a muted blue-grey. The pattern is highly detailed and covers the entire surface.

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# THE JESUITS:

A Lecture

DELIVERED AT THE MUSIC HALL,

JANUARY 10th, 1859,

TO THE

DUBLIN CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY,

BY

PATRICK JOSEPH MURRAY,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

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Counsellors for the world, of piercing ken,  
Whose fervent exhortations from afar  
Move Princes to their duty, peace or war;  
And oft-times in the most forbidding den  
Of solitude, with love of science strong,  
How patiently the yoke of thought they bear!  
How subtly glide its finest threads along!  
Spirits that crowd the intellectual sphere,  
With mazy boundaries, as the astronomer,  
With orb and cycle girds the starry throng.

WORDSWORTH.

O! never a truth has been destroyed:  
They may curse it and call it crime;  
Pervert and betray, or slander and slay  
Its teachers for a time.  
But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,  
As round and round we run;  
And the truth shall ever come uppermost  
And justice shall be done.

CHARLES MACKAY.

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DUBLIN :

W. B. KELLY, 8, GRAFTON-STREET.

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1859.







TO

THE VERY REV. JOHN SPRATT, D.D.

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MY DEAR DOCTOR SPRATT,

Older men than I, and having, therefore, longer experience and greater knowledge of your labors, tell me that for nearly forty years, you have been foremost in promoting every good thing likely to advance the interests of the Working Classes of all religions in Ireland.

I am, myself, old enough to know that during, at least, eighteen years, you have been a continuous and steady worker in the Temperance cause; and we are all well aware that you are the most earnest and zealous friend of that beautiful charity devoted to the relief of the Sick and Indigent Roomkeepers of our city. Yet whilst I remember these things, even whilst I have clearly before me your Orphanage and your Schools, I declare that I believe there is not one of your good works more noble or useful than *your*, for it is all your own, Dublin Catholic Young Men's Society.

You began it in the poorest and smallest way; in a little room; with no help; with nothing but a right cause, and that aid which Heaven ever gives to right things. Thus the Society has proceeded slowly but surely, until it has taken its place as one of the Irish Educational Institutions for young Catholic men, who are not ashamed of the name Catholic, or of a system of teaching which makes those inseparable sisters, Religion and Learning, go together hand in hand.

Thinking thus, to whom, my dear Doctor Spratt, can I more justly and appropriately dedicate this Lecture than to yourself?

Older, by ages, as the Carmelites are, than the Jesuits, each has worked with soul and heart, with mind and body, in the spread of that eternal thing—shining, like a sun-burst, upon the banner of Loyola—THE GREATER GLORY OF GOD.

In that grand picture of Ignatius, which Rubens painted for the Antwerp Jesuits, and which is now in Warwick Castle, the ardor of the saint's devotion is indicated by the light playing around the head, and mingling itself with the light streaming down from heaven; it was a beautiful and a noble conception of the painter: but I have seen, at Bologna, a picture painted for your own order there, of your own Saint Angelo, as beautiful and as noble,—for his sacred eloquence is represented by the red and white roses falling from his lips, which are caught by angels, who bear them away to heaven.

In the eloquence of words and in the eloquence of works, may the Carmelites and the Jesuits ever be as famous in all future time, as in all past time they have been.

In your own good works, and in your constant exhortations, the moral of the two pictures is combined. For the Greater Glory of God, you try to draw men to him; and whilst preaching repentance, you ever keep Hope before their minds,—for God never wounds with both hands,—and you tell them, in the native tongue of Loyola, and in the words of a Jesuit, to look for *Paz y paciencia, y muerte con penitencia*.

I am,

My dear Doctor Spratt,

Always, and with great respect,

Most truly yours,

PATRICK JOSEPH MURRAY.

1 *Upper Pembroke-street,*  
*January 25th, 1859.*

## INTRODUCTION.

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MY BROTHER MEMBERS OF THE DUBLIN CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY are aware that this Lecture is printed, and presented to them, through a suggestion of our venerated friend, the Rev. Father Anderdon.

I offered to the Committee four subjects which I believed to be interesting and useful ; and one of them, THE JESUITS, was selected. And, although the subject was difficult, I did not regret the choice, as it brought back to my memory two friends who, nearly eighteen years ago, began, at Clongowes, to study with me the history of the Jesuits. We began the study because we could not believe that the men who taught us *could* belong to an Order of which we had read such awful things. I know not if my two companions have continued their enquiries. One is now a Jesuit ; he has continued them I dare say ; the other wears the Victoria Cross, and I suppose the Burmese and Crimean fights left him little time for literature.

I have, however, continued my reading, and its results, take them for what they are worth, are before you in this Lecture.

The materials are gathered chiefly from the labors of Ribadeneira ; from the "Templo Militanti" of Bartolome Cayrasco de Figuerva ; from "Vida del S. Fr. de Borja. Por el Emmentiss. y Reverendiss. P. D. Alvaro Cien Fuegos. Cardinal de la Santa Iglesia de Roma. Arçobispo de Monreal," &c. ; from the "Exercitia Spiritualia S. P. Ignatii Loyolæ, cum Versione



literali ex Autographo Hispanico. Præmittuntur R. P. Joannis Roothmen, Præpositi Generalis Societatis Jesu, *Litteræ Encycliæ ad Patres et Fratres ejusdem Societatis, de Spiritualium Exercitiorum S. P. N. Studio et Usu* ; from “*Nouvelles Considérations*” &c. ; from the late Father Xavier de Ravignan’s *History of Clement the Thirteenth and Fourteenth*, and from a work, which I recommend to all, Poujoulat’s “*Le Père de Ravignan, sa Vie, ses Œuvres.*”

If this lecture shall have the effect of making men think before they speak, or enquire before they judge, I shall be most fully rewarded for any trouble I have taken. There is a flunkeyism about Catholics which makes them adopt the opinions of Protestant writers as truths, because the writers may be men of ability or eloquence : but a graver or a more dangerous mistake never led man into error, or student into false conclusion. About the historic truth of all facts bearing upon Ireland, we are particularly jealous ; but upon the historic truth of facts bearing on our religion, we are culpably careless, or the greenest of gobe-mouches.

You have, in this Lecture, a very honest sketch of Ignatius Loyola and of Francis Borgia. Read what I have written of them ; and when you have read, remember, that had I done, as two of the most eminent Protestant writers of the age have done, I would, after telling of Ignatius and Francis, have said, but Loyola was a mad fanatic, and Borgia was a weak fool, over-awed by the wild energy of his strong-minded leader.

Be assured of this fact,—there is nothing in the history of THE JESUITS, any more than in the history of our Faith, of which you need be ashamed or afraid : remember that your fore-fathers were neither ashamed nor afraid of being genuine Catholics, even at a period when there was something more to stand against than the Proselytiser’s tract or the Souper’s stirabout.

Men such as you, who do not grow weary when the day's work is over, but can turn to the study of good and useful things, finding a charm in the change of even occupation, are the men who will prove what Catholicity is, and thus gain respect for themselves, credit for their city, and make the prosperity, peace, and happiness of their glorious country.

You elected me a Life-Member of your Society. I am proud of my Membership, of being able to call a set of worthy young men who face life and all its struggles, like honest, true Catholic Irishmen, BROTHERS, and I trust I shall never disgrace myself by any act contrary to the spirit of the wise, and carefully prepared rules, of the Dublin Catholic Young Men's Society.

P. J. M.





# THE JESUITS,

## A LECTURE.

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND MY BROTHERS OF THE CATHOLIC  
YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY—

The greatest Irishman that ever lived has recorded these words :  
“ I love the Jesuits—I admire the Jesuits; the greatest benefactors to religion and to literature that the world ever saw.”

Repeating these words, I can say, with all my heart, and in all sincerity—“ I love the Jesuits, I admire the Jesuits,” because whatever I know, either good or useful, I learned from them or through them.

Naturally, therefore, I am grateful to them; and this gratitude has made me a student of the history of the Order, in its foundation, in its rise, and in its resplendent progress. In the course of this study there has grown in my soul a genuine love and admiration of the Jesuits, and of the Order,—that Order grand in the heroic self-denial and the thousand heavenly virtues of FRANCIS BORGIA; glorious in the heroic self-sacrifice, in the never flagging ardor, in the indomitable zeal, in the great world-wide, apostolic heart of FRANCIS XAVIER; but grander, more glorious, more godlike than all, in its founder and first General, IGNATIUS, enlisting soldiers to fight against the sins and ignorance of the world—JESUS upon the banner—the eternal watch-word—FOR THE GREATER GLORY OF GOD.

And now, my friends, I am here to-night, to tell my Brothers of the Catholic Young Men's Society, why I think and speak thus of the Jesuits.

Ignatius Lopez de Recalde, the eleventh, and youngest child of John Bertram de Loyola, and of his wife, Mary de Balde, was born in 1491, in the Castle of Loyola, in Guipuscoa, in Byscay. Of birth noble amongst the noblest, he was reared, from the earliest, in all the exercises calculated to make him a soldier, and a good one, worthy of his name, and deserving to serve so famous a prince as Charles the Fifth, against so valiant an enemy as Francis the First.

He was sent, whilst yet a boy, and as was the custom of the time, to be trained in the court; he was appointed one of the pages to Ferdinand the Fifth, and was placed under the immediate care of his relative, the Duke de Najara, who became his patron. The boy's mind was fired

by the reputation for bravery, and for military skill, which his elder brothers had won in the wars of Naples ; and his instructors found him an apt pupil, quick and ready, in acquiring the science of war, that alphabet of soldiership—and in the training necessary to render him a finished cavalier. Of books he knew little, had but a small store of learning, but he had some taste in verse, which he displayed in a poem in honor of St. Peter.

At length he was admitted to serve in the army, and distinguished himself in a skirmish at Najara ; but, like a thorough soldier, who fought for honor alone, he refused to claim his portion of the plunder. He was chiefly remarkable for an avoidance of gaming, and for a ready tact in making up the quarrels of the soldiers,

Ignatius was in his twentieth year, when Francis the First sent a considerable force against Pampeluna, the capital of Navarre. The young soldier had been left in command of the garrison ; the French approached the wall, the garrison became panic-stricken, and resolved to open the gates and surrender. It was vain for Ignatius to urge them to hold out ; but, if they would be traitors, he would keep the citadel whilst a man stood by him. Accordingly he retreated to that fortress, accompanied by only a single soldier. Entering the citadel, he found those who manned it more than half inclined to follow the example of the garrison, and surrender,—but he roused their courage, and loyalty, and patriotism, and they determined, come what might, to hold out to the last.

The French artillery opened fire fiercely, and kept it up vigorously, until at length a practicable breach was announced ; but, as the storming party was about to rush in, Ignatius appeared in the breach, sword in hand, at the head of his little garrison ; here a bold attack and stout defence were carried on, and the cannonade recommenced more hotly than ever. All that a brave man could do, Ignatius did, but all in vain ; for, like many as brave a man before and since, the fortune of war was against him. In the hottest of the fight a stone was struck by a cannon ball, a splinter from the stone bruised his left leg, and the ball in its rebound shattered his right leg. As he falls, the courage of the garrison vanishes, and they surrender at discretion. They bear Ignatius to the tent of the French general, where his wounds are dressed, and he is treated with all the respect due to a brave enemy ; and finally, he is tenderly carried to his father's castle, which was not far from Pampeluna:—and thus ended the soldier-life of Ignatius Loyola. That is, thus ended his life as the soldier of an earthly king, but, to the last moment of his existence, his was a soldier's heart, and his virtue of virtues was the soldier virtue—Obedience.

For many a weary night and day, he pined in that grim old castle, upon his sick-bed. His leg had been hurriedly and badly

set;—it is, at his own request, broken again by the surgeons, that it may knit the better, and look more shapely,—for he prides himself upon his handsome legs;—and then, following this new setting, a fever comes, and Ignatius is sick, almost to death. Indeed he is so sick, the eve of the feast of Saints Peter and Paul, that they think he cannot hold out till morning,—and he receives the last sacraments.

There he lies, fine, brave young heart; and his twenty years of life are a dead past, with nothing in them but dreams, and aspirations after glory; and in all the world of kings and generals not one can help him now, and his best and last friend is the priest who stands beside him, and brings him not the promise of God, but God himself if he be worthy.

He remembers that he has always had a great devotion to St. Peter; he has shown it in his poem on the Saint,—and so, praying to the great Apostle, sleep steals over his worn senses, and in that sleep he sees the finger of Peter touching the wounded limb, and when he awakes all danger is passed.

He always believed this recovery to be miraculous; and doubtless, even then, he was grateful to Saint Peter: but the world and life were young to him, and glory was bright, and a golden dream of a glowing future made up the existence of his present; and so, he turns and tosses, and repines, moaning away his days of recovery and of bodily inaction, and to pass the tedious time he calls for books. He cares for no books save romances, and tales of knights and ladies, such as Don Quixote loved;—and in the castle of Loyola there are no such books as these. But there were lives of saints, and of holy women, and of godly men. Pshaw, what did he care about such things;—but then they were better than nothing, and so they are brought to him.

He reads at first listlessly, turning over the pages, as it were, carelessly. But at length he becomes interested. Why! here were men and women like himself. Men, noblemen, wisemen, thoughtful men, giving up the world to serve God: and soldiers, aye and brave ones too, leaving the field, with all its glory and renown; and there was one book that taught all those things to be right when done for God—*The Life of Christ*. He grew fond of these books; he loved to think of all the new world they opened before him; and slowly and gradually he began to believe that there was something higher, and holier, and nobler, for which a man might live, than mere worldly honor.

Still the world and its lures held him half enthralled, but, before him there rose that grave, solemn, iron reality, that tremendous truth which, in after years, he, himself, so often whispered to Francis Xavier—"What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" and so, being now restored to health, he quits the castle of Loyola, and seeks refuge from the world, and from himself, in the Benedictine convent of Montserrat.



Here, amidst the quietude and peace of the cloister, he commenced that course of self-examination and of spiritual exercises which have excited the admiration and the wonder of the world. He resolved to forsake the life of the soldier, to devote himself to God, and to commence this change of existence by a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to the tomb of Jesus. His confessor, a wise old man, who had flown to the cloister from even ecclesiastical dignities, approving his plans, Ignatius, early in the morning of the feast of the Annunciation, in the year 1522, received the holy Eucharist, and was prepared to set forth upon his pilgrimage. He gave his horse to the convent and distributed his rich clothes to the poor, wearing himself, the rough gown of a lowly pilgrim. His knightly heart had now no mistress save one, and she was, as he tells us, "no countess, no duchess, but of yet higher degree," the Virgin Mother of the Son of God. At her shrine, in token of his devotion to her service, and of his abandonment of every other, he hangs his sword upon the pillar by the altar.

And as he hangs that sword beside the shrine, and bows before the majesty of her whom man had vainly attempted to pourtray in the colors of the altar-piece, the passions, and hopes, and fears of all his past are gone, for the old Ignatius dies, and the new man is formed; the man with the soul of heaven-lighted fire; the man who shall be the heart and centre of the grandest Order that ever sprang into life and action, to serve the world and bless it; the man whose wisdom, and fore-sight, and knowledge of human nature shall wring admiration from even the most hostile; the man whose Order, in the worst troubles of the church's most troublous times, shall be her truest, and firmest, and bravest defenders; the man whose Order shall in one epoch stand between the people and Lutheranism, in another, between the church and Jansenism; the man whose name shall, through his Order, be as a spell to create champions for the Church, for Rome—let who will be Brennus, the son of Ignatius Loyola will be Camillus—each bearing in his soul this great thought of his General—"It is not enough that *I* serve the Lord; *all* hearts ought to love him, and *all* tongues ought to praise him."

Rising from before the shrine of the Blessed Virgin, Ignatius went forth from Montserrat. Upon his long and weary pilgrimage, through sickness, and plague, and death, it is not necessary that I should dwell.

He reached Barcelona in 1524, on his return from the Holy Land, and wishing to qualify himself for holy orders he commenced the study of the Latin grammar, being then in his thirty-third year. It was a hard task, but energy, and the strong will, won the usual triumph, and in 1528, Ignatius entered the Montague College at Paris, intending to study Latin and Philosophy, but being robbed of his money, he was obliged to live in the hospital of St. James, and to beg his bread from day to day. In the vacations he visited

Flanders, and once he came even to England, for the purpose of procuring aid from the Spanish merchants settled in these countries.

Ignatius studied Philosophy, during three years and a half, in the college of Saint Barbara, and here he had, for the companions of his studies, and of his cell, Peter Faber, a Savoyard; and a bright-eyed, bright-souled youth from Pampeluna, one Francis Xavier.

Whilst yet a boy, and herding his father's sheep, Faber had, amidst the stern solitudes of his mountain home, vowed himself to the service of Heaven; and that vow, witnessed only by God and the stars, he had kept inviolate. He was a more advanced scholar than Ignatius, and was appointed to assist him in his studies. He taught Ignatius Philosophy, and was himself, in turn, instructed by his pupil in the great science of self-knowledge through the performance of the *Spiritual Exercise*. With Faber this whole heart conversion, this raising up the new man from the ashes of the old, was not a difficult task; but with the other companion of the cell, it was a work most arduous in completion.\*

During 500 years the name of Xavier had been honored in Spain as that of a race valiant as it was noble. Francis loved the world, and its glories, and its honors. As a lecturer on Philosophy he was brilliant, eloquent, and popular. His class was the most crowded, his society was the most widely courted, for he was young, high-born, handsome, rich, and celebrated. This was not the man to accept the will-destroying discipline of the *Spiritual Exercises*. Could he, in the consideration of what he was, see how low, and poor, and weak a thing he and each man from Adam was?—not he. But Ignatius does not despair. Upon the Mount of Olives he had knelt beside the indelible foot-print of the ascending Redeemer, and had, in all the energy of his swelling soul, felt that he should pause in no labor that had for its end The Greater Glory of God. And so he is friendly and kind to Xavier. He applauds his lectures; not one of the auditors is more pleased than that grave Loyola; but when Francis comes to him to tell of the triumph of the lecture, the applause, the listeners swaying and surging with delight around the rostrum, and talks of the grand future that arises before his enraptured mind—Ignatius looks upon him with those deep, sad, thoughtful eyes, (that live even now in that immortal Rubens) and says—“What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?” But Francis hears him not yet. Difficulties came upon the young Philosopher; the mind is not up to the old mark, and the class falls off. Ignatius helps him with money; he praises the lectures; he does all in his power to bring back the class; and they come, and again the Present and the Future are bright, and the old dreams arise once more; and again the same deep, thoughtful eyes are bent on Francis, as his friend asks, “What doth it profit a

\* See Appendix A.

man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" Gradually, the question, from its frequent and grave reiteration, grew familiar to the ear of Xavier, and he begins to think what it meant, what Ignatius meant. Why had Ignatius given up the world? Why had he abandoned that grand career, in the army of Spain, in which he had made so glorious and so honest a fame? It must be for God; and thinking thus, Xavier commences the *Spiritual Exercises*—another soldier is enrolled, another soul is devoted to promote the Greater Glory of God; one of its brightest spirits is ready for its post in the future army of Ignatius—the dauntless pioneer of faith in the East—the ever-glorious, ever-working apostle of the Indies—Francis Xavier.

Just think, for a moment, of that cell in the college of Saint Barbara. Ignatius Loyola, Francis Xavier, Peter Faber. Tried men; proved men; men who could work, and fast, and wait; men with no selves; men who are themselves the thing they would make the world; men such as, with God in their hearts, make the blessings of the world; men such as, without God in their souls, are the wonders, and the idols, and the curses of their kind—but for good or evil they are the men who move the world. But Loyola, and Faber, and Xavier, want to do more than move the world for sake of worldly things. Has not Ignatius taught all to believe, as he, himself, believes—"It is not enough that *I* serve the Lord; *all* hearts ought to love him and *all* tongues ought to praise him:—and how are they, serving God, to do this? Why, like his soldiers, by action. By action too, founded upon such a principle as this following, a principle of Ignatius, a principle which contains within itself, in a good cause, and with thorough workers, the whole secret of all success,—“When God hath appointed out a way, we must faithfully follow it, and never think of another under pretence that it is more easy and safe.”

You are not, however, to suppose that the zeal of Ignatius was confined to Faber and Xavier. James Lainez, Alphonsus Salmeron, Francis Bobadilla, and Simon Rodriguez were also enrolled, for The Greater Glory of God.

And now, the dream of Ignatius' life is approaching towards realization.

In the year 1522, upon the morning of the festival of the Annunciation, he had hung his sword beside the shrine of God's Mother, at Montserrat; and now, in the year 1534, upon the great festival of *Her* Assumption, another, and the most famous act of his great life is to be accomplished.

As that August sun rose over Paris there issued from the gate of Notre Dame a procession consisting of seven men. Gravely and

slowly, and in dead silence, they move towards Montmartre ; they halt at the crypt of St. Denys, the Apostle of France, and upon the spot where he, a blessed Martyr, had offered up his life for truth. Entering the chapel, one of the seven leaves his companions, and quickly re-appearing upon the altar, in the vestments of a priest, commences the celebration of Mass. That Priest who celebrated the great sacrifice was Peter Faber, a few months before admitted to Holy Orders ; the six worshippers were Loyola, Xavier, Lainez, only 21 years old, Salmeron, only 18, Bobadilla a teacher, and Rodriguez a student of Philosophy. Receiving the Holy Eucharist they took the vow of chastity, and swore to devote themselves, after they should have completed their studies, to Missionary labors in the Holy Land, or if that were impossible, they would hold themselves entirely at the direction and command of the Pope.

Some men, talking and writing of this famous mass and glorious vow, say—what a dream, or what gorgeous dreamers. But every thought that ever yet shone upon the world was a dream to the world until the thinker had, by the working out his, so-called, dream, made it a grand reality. John the Baptist was a dreamer to the Jews ; Christ was a dreamer to the Doctors ; Noah was a dreamer when they saw him build the ark ; Copernicus and Galileo were dreamers, Newton was a dreamer, Harvey was a dreamer, Jenner was a dreamer—all were dreamers if they listened to the outward voices ; the men who move this world for good, through God, listen to no voice save that within themselves. But how could Ignatius dream ; for him there was no dream, no failure ; he wants to work for the greater glory of God, and says, ever says—“It is not enough that *I* serve the Lord ; *all* hearts ought to love and *all* tongues ought to praise him.” You say, right in theory—well, but look at the practice, as we have it in another great maxim already before you—“When God hath appointed out a way we must faithfully follow it, and *never* think of another under pretence that it is more safe and easy.” Why, my friends, study these brave thoughts how you will, these two maxims contain the very sources of all success ; but not the crowning glory, the grand point of all—every triumph, every labor, every effort, all is to be done, undergone, achieved, for that eternal thing—The Greater Glory of God.

Thus enlisted for God, and bound to each other, Ignatius trained his little army in all the discipline calculated to make them thoroughly soldiers of the Cross. And here came a check. He grows weak and sick, and the doctors say he must leave Paris, and go home to sunny, bright Navarre. And home he goes, as they ordered, to his native air, but not to the castle of his birth, only to the neighbouring hospital of Azpetia. There he lives, the invalided captain,



but the soldiers of the company are not idle. Whilst Ignatius is sick Peter Faber enlists Claudius le Jay, John Codure, and Pasquier Brouet; and now, the brave little band of Christian heroes numbers ten. Ignatius, living in his native air, slowly regains strength; and moves away to Venice towards the end of 1536, and his nine recruits meet him there, the 8th of January, 1537.

Here, for a time, they devoted themselves to attending the sick in the hospital, and then all, with the exception of Ignatius, went on to Rome under the leadership of Xavier. In the days of his worldly life Francis had been proud of the beauty of his limbs, of his grace, and of his agility in all knightly exercises; but now, he begins his journey by binding cords tightly around his arms and legs. The swelling, angry flesh closes over the bonds, still he moves on; at length, poor nature can bear no more; he must halt on the march, the doctor can do nothing, but nature bursts the cords that art or science could not withdraw, and the first acts of Francis Xavier are the most menial he can perform for his fellow travellers. But this was Francis Xavier always;—cruel only to himself, to all the world beside the tenderest of the most tender. At last, after a weary journey, they arrive at Rome, and are kindly met by Pope Paul the Third, who grants them an indult, or permission to receive Holy Orders from any bishop they please. They return to Venice, and all, including Ignatius, were there ordained in 1537, by the Bishop of Arbe.

After having received Holy Orders they retired to a cottage, near Vicenza, to prepare themselves, by fasting and prayer, for the celebration of their first Mass. Some celebrate it in September, some in October, but Ignatius is unable to stand before the altar as a priest until Christmas Day of the year in which he was ordained. Many months had elapsed from the day of ordination; all these months had been spent in tears and prayers; tears so continuous and so profuse that the loss of his sight became, at one period of this year, a matter of most imminent danger.

The year was passed, and Ignatius and his companions now appeared in the streets of Verona and of Vicenza. They called upon the people to come and hear the word of God; they preached upon the necessity of penance and amendment. Ignatius went through the towns ringing a bell, and calling the little children around him; and all this time, and through all these good works, Ignatius and his companions lived upon the bread which they obtained by begging.

But, it was now time to begin that work to which all had devoted themselves. It had been their intention to commence their labors, as Ignatius had done, by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; but the Emperor and the Venetians had declared war against the Turks, and thus the proposed commencement was now impossible.

But, ever active, and always prepared for any change, Ignatius proposes that they shall proceed to Rome, and volunteer to serve the Pope, wheresoever and howsoever he shall command.

Accordingly, Ignatius, Lainez, and Faber prepare for the journey, and Ignatius tells them, if any body shall ask "what is our Institute we shall answer, we belong to the company of Jesus." And it was a brave and a true name; for they were enlisted and enrolled to fight against heresy and sin, under the Banner of Christ.

Upon this march to Rome, whilst Ignatius prays, in a little chapel near Sienna, he sees the heavens opened, and the eternal Father and Son are revealed to him, and he hears the Son declare—"I will be favourable to you at Rome." They arrive at Rome, and the Pope, Paul the Third, receives them *most* favourably. He appoints Faber to teach scholastic divinity; he nominates Lainez to expound the scriptures; and commits to Ignatius the great apostolic work of reforming the people through his preaching, and general spiritual care.

Ignatius is never idle. He calls to Rome the other members of his community. You will remember that up to this time they are, as it were, spiritual free-lances in the service of religion and morality, able and willing to fight against error for any ecclesiastical authority claiming their help. But now, Ignatius, in that wise, soldierly way of his, thinks their strength is weakened, as the force is scattered, and so, when the little band are all together in Rome, in obedience to his call, he tells them, in a council of war, that the time is come when they must form themselves into a religious body, or order. They are all grave men now, young though some of them be, and they will do nothing, even for Ignatius, without consulting God, as Ignatius himself had taught them, and so, after fasting and prayer, and earnest thought, they say they *will* become a religious body. But how? They have already at Montmartre, that great 25th of March, taken the vows of chastity and poverty, and now they take one of perpetual obedience, for they are the soldiers of him who was obedient even unto death. And then they settle that there shall be (mark the soldier) a General whom all shall obey, and he shall be perpetual, that is he shall hold the command for life, and shall not be subject to the authority of chapters, but only to the command of the earthly viceroy of God, the Pope. And further, they make a fourth vow,—to go wherever and whenever the Pope shall command, even though he shall not supply them with money or means of transport.

Three Cardinals were appointed by the Pope to report upon the proposed Constitution of the Order. The Report was favourable, and by a Bull of Paul the Third, dated September 27th, 1540, the papal approval was given to the plans of Ignatius, under the title—The Society of Jesus. Ignatius was unanimously chosen General, but accepted the post only after the most earnest advice of his con-

fessor. He assumed his Generalship, Easter Sunday, 1541, all the other members making their vows according to the Bull of the Institution.

Ignatius, who, as Salmeron wrote, "had begotten them all in Christ, and had nourished them with the milk of his word," now applied himself to drawing up the Rules of the Society. First, they were to devote themselves to the reformation of the people by preaching, and catechising, and by missions. Secondly, they were to work zealously and constantly as confessors; and thirdly, they were to make the education of youth one of the chiefest duties of their lives.

Ignatius knew human nature, in all its phases, thoroughly and thoroughly; and he felt that each man works best, and most successfully, in that particular way of life for which Providence seems to have designed him; and he left to each of his Society a free choice in selecting the special duty to which he would devote himself.

If any man here is desirous of studying Moral Philosophy in every point, from its highest point to its least important, let him study and ponder upon the *Constitutions* of Ignatius Loyola. You pause, and think, and wonder at that glorious mind, which knew itself, and all mankind, so surely because so deeply,—the mind that knew itself, actually, not through other minds or through the spectacles of books. Place him before yourselves as he writes, and you will see him completely he is the student of himself and the teacher of a wonderful philosophy. It is far into the night; he is in the lonely cell, the little lamp is the one light that falls upon the manuscript, but upon that same manuscript falls the shadow of the crucifix. No books are around him, no volumes in which dead sages live again; but two little books are there, they form the whole library of one who has conquered more than great Alexander, or greater Cæsar; these books are the *New Testament* and *The Imitation of Christ*. They tell us that as Ignatius wrote a flame, shaped like a tongue, played about his head; and we have it even now, in his own handwriting, that his hours of composition were times of tears of devotion, or of holy rapture, or of transporting visions, lighted by heaven's most glowing radiance. Well might Armand Richelieu call the *Constitutions* of Loyola, "a master-piece of genius."

Ignatius was, at first, induced to take the management of Nuns. Isabella Rosella, a rich Spanish widow, prevailed upon two other ladies to join her, and to request the Pope to permit them to place themselves under the rule of the Society. The Pope did not object, neither did Ignatius, but not more than two years had elapsed when he discovered that it took more time and labour to manage a convent of Nuns than one of Jesuits. Referring to this matter, Ribadeneira, the son and historian of the Society, writes, and I only wish you

could understand the quaint way in which he puts it in Latin,—“It is strange, what uneasiness and trouble the governing of three women gave him for even a few days. He therefore acquaints the Pope, what an incumbrance that affair was likely to prove to the Society: he begs and entreats the Pope to free him from the present trouble, and the Society from perpetual fear; and that he would not permit our brethren, employed in other matters of great and necessary importance, to be taken up with the less necessary care of women. The Pope, approving Ignatius’ reasons, granted the Society this favor, and ordered apostolic letters to be written, exempting us for ever from the burden of Nuns, and the care of any women, who might be willing to submit to our discipline in common, or to live elsewhere, and this was in the year 1547, the 20th of May. But,” continues Ribadeneira, “Ignatius, not satisfied with this, that he might entirely guard against this danger, obtained the same grant from the same Paul the Third, in the year 1549, and it was added, that *we* might not be obliged to undertake the care of any Nuns, or religious women whatever, by apostolic letters obtained, *or hereafter* to be obtained, unless making special mention of that indulgence, and of our order.”

I have told you Ignatius desired that the office of General should be held for life. He saw the great field of usefulness opened before him: he saw the vast power for good which future Generals would wield—for the Greater Glory of God, and he knew that vast designs cannot be hurriedly accomplished. Knowing this, he felt that the frequent change of Generals was the equally frequent change of plans designed for the advantage of the world. He did not, himself, wish to hold the Generalship for life, but they told him he should keep it, and then he goes to serve with the poorest servant in the kitchen, and spends fifty days in teaching the Catechism to the little children.

Then he began to preach, and his preaching drew vast crowds around him, and Rome became a city of hearts turned to God.

He founds a house for the reception of converted Jews. He opens one asylum for Male orphans, and another for Female. He establishes a Refuge, or Home, for young girls of good character. With Jesus ever before him, he opens an asylum for fallen women who wish to return to virtue, but who are not prepared to adopt the stern rule of the Institution for Magdalenes. He was told that such conversions are rarely genuine; but he knew that though all may see the sins committed, God alone knows the temptations surmounted; and feeling, as Christ felt when he reproved a zeal that was only impatience, he said, “To prevent only one sin would be a great happiness, though it cost ever so great pains.”

In December, 1545, just four years after the election of Ignatius to the generalship of the Society, the Council of Trent met for the



first time. During twenty-five years the rebellion of Luther had made progress. With that tremendous energy, that courage, which, years afterwards, Danton declared to be the source of success in all changes—AUDACITY—Luther had kept his own peculiar ground, backed by the scholarship of Melancthon. He had all the eloquence of the demagogue; that gift of words which leads the uninformed hearer to fancy that he is thinking, for himself, whilst he merely thinks as the haranguer desires. Thus many, very many, were seduced to the side of Luther, who had, at first, joined him for the honest purpose of reforming abuses.

To a man like Luther, audacious, quick; with political feelings, urging Germany on to resist Rome; with princes and rulers to back him, for their own special purposes; with undecided points of religious belief or controversy to prop up his peculiar views—the ecclesiastical *bouleversement* which he raised was nothing very difficult of attainment, or of development into a scheme of spiritual belief; and through these disturbances the Council of Trent was called.

But four years established, the Jesuits are even *now* to appear as the champions of Rome. Paul the Third nominates Lainez and Salmeron his theologians at the Council; and another of the Society, Claudius le Jay, is named theologian to Otho, the Cardinal Bishop of Ausburg. Lainez and Salmeron addressed the Council in turn. Few men have ever lived, with a wider range of learning, and a grander scope of mind, than James Lainez. At Trent he was in the prime of life; familiar with the whole compass of the theology of his time, and with every moral science that the theologian of that age need cultivate. Ignatius had told him to preserve humility and moderation in his deportment at the Council, and he speaks, when his turn comes, in a corner remote from the thrones and chairs of state of the dignitaries. There, amidst that assembly of the high, the learned, the powerful, and the wise,—notwithstanding the disapprobation of some, most loudly expressed,—Lainez defends the Freedom of the Will, the communion in one kind, and all the immortal doctrines of eternal Rome. Speaking from his remote position he is not clearly heard by the high-placed great ones; but they find he is talking great and holy things, and they discover that no ordinary man is before the Council. Abandoning their places of honor, Cardinals, Bishops, Counts, Abbots, Heads of Orders, learned Doctors—all gather around him, and listen in silent admiration and wonder.

Not alone, however, at Trent had the Jesuits, for the first time, declared for Rome thus openly and clearly. Even in 1541, Ignatius had taught that the new heresy should be met upon its own ground, action, foot to foot and face to face. He had urged the Pope to institute a Court of Inquiry into religious opinions at Rome,

and into errors in Faith, for, he wrote, "as it was at Rome that St. Peter overcame the first teachers of heresy, so must the followers of Peter subdue all the heresies of the world in Rome."

It was not alone at Trent, as the active defenders of the Church, that the Jesuits distinguished themselves in the very earliest periods of their foundation. You will remember how Ignatius used to say,— "It is not enough that *I* serve the Lord; *all* hearts ought to love him, and *all* tongues ought to praise him." You will remember that amongst the great objects, for the working out of which the Society was instituted, was the promotion of The Greater Glory of God, through the conversion of the Heathen, and the education of youth. And here we have, as the types, the grand types, of any who have made the Society of Jesus famous to all time, in either of these noble works, FRANCIS XAVIER and FRANCIS BORGIA.

Francis Xavier, the apostle of the Indies; the man with the noblest, truest, bravest heart that ever beat in a human breast, was of most noble parentage. He was the youngest of many children, and was born in the year 1506 in his father's castle of Xavier, about eight leagues from Pampeluna, the town in defending which, you may recollect, St. Ignatius received his famous wounds. I have told you of his conversion by St. Ignatius. After his ordination he distinguished himself by zeal and active ministration in every duty.

About the year 1540, John the Third of Portugal resolved to send missionaries to convert the inhabitants of his vast possessions in India, and accordingly he requested a Portuguese priest, named Govea, then on business in Rome, to open the matter to the Pope. The Pope was most anxious that the work should be at once commenced. Govea had been President of the College of St. Barbara, during the student days of Loyola, of Faber, and of Xavier. He admired their lives, then; he bowed before them in wonder, now.

He wrote to the king, telling him that the new society were the men to carry out his designs of christianizing India; and the king writes back to his Ambassador in Rome, directing him to beg that Ignatius would spare six of his soldiers for this great expedition. Ignatius can detach but two, Rodriguez and Bobadilla. Rodriguez went at once by sea, to Lisbon. Bobadilla, remaining to accompany the Ambassador on his return to Portugal, falls sick, very sick, and the day preceding that appointed for the commencement of the homeward journey of the embassy, it is declared impossible for Bobadilla to leave his bed. Ignatius, very ill in his cell, sends for Francis Xavier, and says to him—"Francisco, Bobadilla is too ill to go to India, and the Portuguese Ambassador is in haste and cannot wait, the Province must be yours." Xavier replied, "Lo! I am ready," and, adds Ribadeneira, "he mended his garment, and took leave of his brethren, and departed the following day."

One strange circumstance connected with this extraordinary event is the fact mentioned by Lainez ; he says, that when on their journey to Rome he and Xavier frequently occupied the same sleeping room, Xavier often awoke him exclaiming, " I dreamt, brother, that India and Ethiopia were placed upon my shoulders, and that I supported them, but the weight almost crushed me."\*

Xavier, and the Ambassador's party, left Rome the 15th of March, 1540 ; before quitting the city, he placed in Lainez's hands a document by which he bound himself to accept such rules as Ignatius might afterwards draw up ; likewise to take all such vows as might be appointed when the society should be constituted a religious community by the authority of the Pope.

From Rome to Lisbon was a tedious journey of three month's duration. As they drew near Pampeluna the ambassador urged Francis to take the opportunity to bid his mother and family adieu ; but Francis says that he cannot take one hour from India, that he hopes to meet his friends and family in Heaven.

The embassy arrives in Lisbon. Rodriguez is attending the sick in the hospitals, and Xavier joins him. He preaches, hears confessions, induces many of the Court to become weekly communicants, and he spends much time in the neighbouring villages, instructing and catechising.

Eight months go by, and the fleet and expedition are ready : Rodriguez is to remain in Lisbon, and Francis, accompanied by two of the community, only one being ordained, is on board the ship of the Governor General. The king had that morning presented to Francis four Briefs from the Pope. Two of these nominated him Apostolic Nuncio, the third recommended him to the Emperor of Ethiopia, the fourth was a recommendation to other Indian kings. And now, upon the 7th of April, 1541, the Governor's ship, carrying 1000 soldiers for the relief of the garrison of Goa, drops down that lovely Tagus. Many an eye was dim, and many a brave young face was sad as the orange groves and chestnut forests faded in the distance ; but in that crowded ship there was one happy heart, and that heart beat in the swelling bosom of Francis Xavier. He was now upon the work of his life ; that black figure, that sleep vision of India, was upon his shoulders in reality, but it was for this he had abandoned fame, and home, and friends and all—because " What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul ? " Luther may shake the faith of the West for a time, but there is the great East to be won back from Heathendom, and made as Thomas, the Apostle, who placed his finger in the adorable side of Jesus, had left it. What mattered toils or dangers ; what cared Xavier for heat or cold—no failure, all triumph, and in the eyes of Faith the triumph of the Future is a victory in the Present.

\* Ribadeneira.

During the voyage he preached to the sailors and soldiers, and induced many to return to virtue. He refused to use the food sent him from the Governor's table, but distributed it to those who needed it most. He slept upon the cordage and spare sails; a victim to sea sickness, he used to totter amongst his companions, and perform for them the meanest offices; and whilst the soldiers played at games of chance, he sat amongst them, holding the stakes, and telling them interesting and instructive stories. Thus he hoped to check profane language, and attempted to mitigate the evils it was not in his power to prevent.

Thirteen months, from the day of embarkation at Lisbon, they reach Goa, and Xavier lands. Sin of the blackest kind, riot, vice, all prevailed in the city. Xavier walks through the streets, ringing his little bell. The children gather around; day after day they come, for he loves little children, (Christ loved them,) and he tells these children, of God, and of his love, and he gains the attention of the parents through the tongue of the child. The hospitals too are attended. He was always tender to the sick; and the lepers, bad as Job, worse than Lazarus, were the *special* objects of his care. And then there were many rich, depraved Portuguese, with all the vices of civilization added to, and strengthened by the impunity of a semi-savage existence. At their tables Xavier was often a guest; checking immorality, crushing vice by stripping it of its glittering allurements. There were those who called this wrong, and who said, reproachfully, that he was a friend of sinners; but what cared Xavier for this. Had not Ignatius enlisted him in the company of *Jesus*, and had not Jesus, when he lived on earth, been called, in derision, the friend of sinners? and so, during twelve months he goes on in his works of mercy and goodness.

He hears that away upon the coast of Malabar there dwells a wild race of Pearl Fishers who are lost in ignorance. He goes to them, lives with them fifteen months upon their poor food, and in their wretched huts, and soon above the doors appears the crucifix or the cross. Then the victory is complete, the joy is ineffable, and he writes home thus to Ignatius, in one of his brave letters,—“I have nothing to add but that they who come forth to labor for the salvation of idolaters, receive from on high such consolations, that if there be on earth such a thing as happiness, it is theirs.”\*

Poor, alone, all but ignorant of the language, Xavier goes to Travancore; he preaches, instructs, and the temples of the Gods are overthrown, and the altars of the one God arise upon the ruins. A hostile tribe, vexed by the Christianity of their neighbours, come swooping down in barbaric glory upon Xavier's converts. In the heart of Father Francis beats again the old courage of the Xaviers of Navarre, and he appears before the enemy. In form,



the very mould of a soldier ; with an angry brow, a fiery eye, and the crucifix elevated above his head, there was something in the man that forced the advancing foe to pause, to parley, and finally to return home in peace.

Upon the Coromandel coast stood the tomb of St. Thomas the apostle, who had first taught the religion of Christ in India. Fifteen centuries had rolled by, and still the blood of the Martyr stained, whilst it glorified the marble. For seven days and seven nights, sleepless and fasting, Xavier prays before the tomb, and then he sails back to Malacca, where he makes the trembling people defend themselves against a hostile Pagan prince, and brings them through all victorious.

He takes his way to Goa, leaving the people of Malacca half idolatrous in their gratitude and admiration. From the Indus to the Yellow Sea, the name of Xavier was a name of wonder, and his reputation was a marvel

That Japan, which, until a few months ago, was closed against all the world, was open to the zeal of heroic Francis. It had just been discovered by the Portuguese ; a prince of the country has heard of Xavier's fame, and longs to converse with him. He comes, attended by two servants. Francis receives them kindly ; sends them to the College he had founded at Goa. Here they are instructed in Christianity, and perform the Spiritual Exercises, and Xavier is ready to proceed with his converts to Japan. On the eve of departure he wrote to Ignatius thus :—"I cannot express to you the joy with which I undertake this long voyage ; for it is full of extreme perils, and we consider a fleet sailing to Japan as eminently prosperous in which *one* ship out of *four* is saved. Though the risk far exceeds any which I have hitherto encountered, I shall not decline it ; for our Lord has imparted to me an interior revelation of the rich harvest which will one day be gathered from the Cross, when once planted there." The voyage was made in roughest weather, in a pirate ship, the deck of which was crowded with a multiplicity of idols ; Japan was reached in the year 1545. Here Francis labored with vast success, in a mission of nearly three years' duration. He began to study the language of the country when in his 46th year, and having acquired it, he went onward through the Islands forming the empire of Japan, in heat and cold, in poverty and in danger, but all for the Greater Glory of God.\*

Back he comes to Goa, and his journey is doubly remarkable, as being blessed by a miracle, and as being the cause of his undertaking that most gigantic, and, to human minds, that impossible work, the Christianization of China.

The ship in which he made the passage from Japan to Goa was called "*The Holy Cross*." Her commander, who was also her

\* Turselin and Ribadeneira.

owner, had opened to him the question of extending Portuguese relations and interests in China. In long and earnest conversations the whole line of action is arranged; the captain pledges his ship and merchandise, Francis can pledge only his heart and soul. *The Holy Cross* is in Malacca roads; a dreadful plague has stricken the people, and Francis, landing, will think no more of China, no more of any thing, save the care of the sick, whilst bodies are to be healed or souls new formed; he turns Churches, colleges, convents—all—into Hospitals, for is he not of the company of Jesus, and it was Jesus who told of the good Samaritan!

*The Holy Cross* lies ready for sea. No more sick, therefore Xavier may go, but now the Governor will not permit the mission to China, as it has not received the sanction of the King of Portugal. In vain Francis pleads and urges; he produces the Papal Brief, handed to him by the King, and this names him Apostolic Nuncio; all in vain. Then he hurls the thunders of Rome against the governor; all still in vain, and the governor, in retaliation, seizes and confiscates *The Holy Cross*. But Xavier does not despair. He prays long and earnestly, and at last he rises from the altar with joy shining in his radiant face, for he thinks China can yet be gained.

At the mouth of the Canton River was an Island on which the Portuguese had a trading station. Thither *The Holy Cross* was about to sail, and they cannot refuse to let him go by her as a common passenger. They do not refuse, and he is out upon his voyage. It is his intention, on reaching the Island, to get, by any means he can, to Macao. Doubtless, here he should be arrested and imprisoned. But he should have Chinese fellow prisoners. To these he can talk; these, with God's help, he can convert, and though his own life may be the forfeit of his zeal, yet the seed of the Faith will have been sown, to spring up and flourish in a glorious harvest of souls saved for Heaven.

*The Holy Cross* reaches the mouth of the Canton river, and Xavier lands on the Island. The traders were there, but it was a mere trading station, and its occupants were the merest of traders. They tried to dissuade Xavier from attempting to enter Macao. They feared that if he were to enter from their Island and preach Christianity to the Chinese, the Mandarines would take vengeance upon the traders; and so they sail away with their ventures, to gather, through all the Indian seas, great harvests of gold. But there, in that little ship, *The Holy Cross*, there is a heart more golden than all the wealth of all the world could ever make—the heart of Francis Xavier. He is not beaten yet,—brave, true soul, he is never beaten. Alone there in that Indian sea, with only the half obedient crew of *The Holy Cross* to keep him company, he hears that the king of Siam is about to send an embassy to China in a few months, and he resolves to proceed to Siam, and, if possible, attach himself to the suite, and so enter the Chinese empire.

There are bold, dashing young fellows in this room to-night; fellows who think they could, and who would, face anything that had glory on its brow; bright, brave fellows, who had they been present at that great race for Victory and Glory against Death and Fame, would have been first in the great charge of Fontenoy. There are the same bright spirits who would have been first in that greater whirlwind charge at Inkerman—the grandest, the greatest the world ever knew, I believe the grandest and greatest the world ever can know, as an instance of obedience, discipline, and daring.—but although they might do all these things, is there a man here who will lay his hand upon his heart and say, that by sea or land, amid all dangers, day by day, within, as it were, inches of danger, he would ever have the pluck to face such a project as this of heroic Francis Xavier? Remember, I have, just for the moment, been considering Francis Xavier as a man.

He is, you know, still at the mouth of the Canton River, off the trading station, and is on board *The Holy Cross*, ready to sail for Siam. But there is on board another passenger, a grim figure, who demands from him, what we must all give—Life. The mortal sickness is upon him. He knows it, and asks them to take him ashore, that he may die alone, and with nothing around to disturb him, and so he may die more calmly and in greater contemplation. He is placed upon the naked, sandy beach; the cold winds whistle around his poor bed; the fever is consuming his worn body. The second of December, 1552, dawns, and Francis is very ill; before his eyes he has, all through his sickness, kept the crucifix, but to-day he raises it more frequently than ever, and they think he is dying. You see him, now, in that great Rubens, where the light falls upon the upturned face, and the big tears come streaming down upon the crucifix, whilst the whole head is lighted up with that glowing, golden light, that makes the picture seem a seraphic reality. There, upon the cold shore he lies; raising himself, and resting upon the crucifix, he exclaims—"In thee, oh Lord, I have hoped, I shall not be confounded for ever;" and, bowing his head, his soul was with God.

Such was Francis Xavier, the type of the Jesuits as Missionaries. In ten years, he, a solitary man, wandering without human aid, had journeyed over oceans, islands, and continents. He had converted, baptized, built churches, disputed, escaped dangers, wounds, and deadly plagues; yet all these three latter had been dared, in all their worst and most threatening forms, but he had come through all, as if Mercy had lent him wings, and as if Faith had been an impenetrable armour. The result of all his labors is computed at 700,000 converts. No man, however loathesome his disease, however hateful his crimes, however abject his condition, ever turned to Francis Xavier without finding one heart in which beat a brother's

2. The charge of the 600 at Balaklava is evidently what he intends to allude to



love. He saw God's image in all: none were too low for sympathy, none so guilty to whom repentance was impossible. "The Father, Master Francis," writes one of his associates, "when laboring for the salvation of idolaters, seemed to act, not by any acquired power, but as by some natural instinct; for he could neither take pleasure nor even exist, except in such employments. They were his repose; and when he was leading men to the knowledge of God, however much he exerted himself, he never appeared to be making any effort."\*

FRANCIS BORGIA, whom I have taken as the type of that class amongst the Jesuits devoting themselves to the education of youth, grandson of Ferdinand of Arragon, and a near relative of Charles the Fifth, and also a descendant of Pope Alexander the Sixth, and of Cæsar Borgia, was born at his father's town of Gandia, in Valencia, in the year 1510. He was named Francis, in accordance with a vow made by his mother to St. Francis of Assisium. From his earliest youth he devoted himself to pious practices, and the amusements of his childhood were the imitation of the Church ceremonies. When Francis was in his tenth year, his maternal uncle, Don John of Arragon, Archbishop of Saragossa, undertook the direction of his education; and although the tendency of his mind seemed to be for a religious life, yet the Bishop designed him for a soldier; and Borgia, like Loyola, was instructed in all the science of war. However, his literary education was not neglected, and by the time he had reached his fifteenth year, he had finished his course of rhetoric, and had given two years to Philosophy. In his nineteenth year he was transferred from Saragossa, to the Court of his relative, Charles the Fifth, there to complete his education. Here, amidst the high born and the brave, amidst the beautiful and the gay, in the mêlée of the tournament, and the wild excitement of the bull fight, Francis Borgia took his place,—and yet his mind was not in these, but far away in the quiet cloisters of Saragossa.

The Empress, Isabella, feels an interest in his welfare; and she thinks that in the bright eyes and gentle heart of Eleonora da Castro his world of life-long happiness would be secure. So thinks Emperor Charles, so thinks Francis' father, the Duke of Gandia, so thinks obedient Francis, and so, he and Eleonora are married. The Emperor creates Borgia, Marquis of Lombay, and appoints him Master of the Horse to the Empress.

Now, more than ever, Francis is before the court. He still touches his lute in the halls of the Escorial,—no lute gives more melodious music: he still dashes across the broad plains of Castille, when the hawking party is out, and none follows, with more eager eyes, the flight of the birds. But the only

\* Turselin's *Life and Letters of Xavier* are most interesting. The *Life of Xavier*, bearing Dryden's name, may be read with much pleasure.



music that floats from the lute is the sacred hymn of the church ; and when all eyes are following the birds, even at that exciting moment when the falcon comes down with his swoop upon the quarry, then it is that Borgia turns his horse's head away, and by a refinement of self-mortification avoids the reward of the falconer's labors !

No man knew his fellow men better than Charles the Fifth. He saw in Borgia many of the qualities of a good soldier. They became fellow students in military science under the once celebrated master of fortification, Sainte-Croix. They had frequent discourses on the best systems of attack and defence ; and so highly did Charles rate the abilities of Borgia, for quickness of resource, readiness in catching a weak point, and above all these, but with these, for prudent courage, that he took him as his companion, or as we might say now, as chief of his staff, in the expedition into Africa, against Barbarossa, in 1535, when Borgia's prudence and judgment at a leader were only equalled by his bravery. In the year 1536, Borgia accompanied the Emperor in the expedition against Provence, at the head of a troop enlisted and maintained by himself. So much did Charles value these services, that he detached Borgia on the most honourable duty of laying before the Empress a report of the campaign.

Towards the Empress, Isabella, Borgia felt as a son to a mother. She had been his patroness, the guardian of his wife ; and so, when the States of Castille met at Toledo, in 1539, Francis and Eleonora were the brightest of the most brilliant of all by whom the throne was surrounded. But, ashes to ashes ! In the midst of all this pageantry and show of glory, the grim hand comes and smites Isabella, the Beautiful, the Powerful, the Victorious ; and not all the chivalry and wealth of Spain can save her. She is borne away to the tombs of the sovereigns of Spain, amid all that pomp which living power loves to lavish upon dead greatness.

An old custom, at the burial of Spanish Royalty, was, that as the coffin was being placed in its vault, the lid should be raised, and some high noble should swear, from personal inspection, that the coffin really contained the true body of the dead potentate. Who should do this for Isabella but Francis Borgia ? Gratitude to her memory, old services received from Charles, all served to render him the man most fit, in all Spain, to perform this last office. The funeral procession reaches Grenada ; the city authorities are standing around, the lid of the coffin is raised, dead Isabella, the Beautiful, is before them, but Francis will only swear that the body is that placed in the coffin at Toledo. That could not have been changed, for he had watched by it as by a shrine. The decay of all earth had set in, and Borgia comes from the coffin of his dead friend, a man knowing that beauty, glory, honor, all things of the world, are only a little clay. He, the lord of a princely fortune, the favoured of the Emperor,—accomplished, learned, brave, high-souled,—wedded to the most beautiful woman of the age,—then and

there, beside that coffin, vows that in the event of his surviving Eleonora, he will end his days a member of a religious order. Such was Francis Borgia at nine and twenty years of age.\*

Upon returning to Toledo he was appointed, by the Emperor, Governor of Catalonia, and was created knight-commander of St. James of Alcantara, of the Red Cross, the most famous and honorable order then known in Spain. He went to reside in Barcelona, the chief city of his Province. Here his rule was firm, just, and munificent. Throughout his province schools were founded for the education of the youth of either sex, and all those qualities now shone forth, which afterwards distinguished Francis Borgia as the Third General of the Society of Jesus.

It was the custom amongst the ladies of Barcelona to celebrate the festival of the *Invention of the Holy Cross*, by ceremonies to which none of the male sex were admitted. On one occasion, the viceroy, Francis, kept guard at the door. A young nobleman approached, and with a drawn dagger, demanded admission. It was refused, and he then insulted Francis. Words are addressed to him which all the blood of Spain could not serve to wash of their insult. There was not a braver, a bolder, a truer, a more knightly heart in the broad empire of Spain than that now beating in the breast of Don Francis; and yet, with a courteous word, he permits the intruder to enter, because he feared that to meet insult by force might be but the spirit of revenge. I do not say he was right, nor will I say he was wrong; but I will say, that it was the victory of the Saint over the passion and the honor of the soldier.†

About this time, (1543) Father Anthony Aroz, the first Jesuit professed after the original ten, arrived at Barcelona. He became intimate with the Governor, who, through him, learned all the particulars of the newly instituted Society of Jesus; and likewise, through him, was enabled to enter upon a correspondence with Ignatius.

About this same period Borgia's father, the Duke of Gandia, died, and he was free to resign the Viceroyalty of Catalonia. Returning home, he is the best friend of his people. Schools rise in all quarters of his dukedom. He builds forts to protect his vassals from the incursions of the Moors, and from the attacks of the pirates of Morocco. In all his efforts, his most active assistant is the Duchess Eleonora; in every thing she was his agent, and the Castle of Gandia was the happiest home in all Spain.

Eleonora is very ill, and Duke Francis prays for her recovery; but how shall he endure the loss of one so deeply and dearly loved? He flings himself before the altar; he has done all that prayer and fasting can do to storm heaven's mercy, and it is all in vain. Still he kneels and prays, and suddenly there comes, like a ray of solemn truth, this thought, "Have I not vowed myself to the service of God if I survive her?"

\* "Vida del S. Fr. de Borgia," &c. † Ibid.

and an answer seems to come from the very throne of Omniscience saying, "if it be thy will she shall recover, but not for her real welfare nor for thine." Bowing before this great warning, this manifestation of God's watchfulness, Francis cries, "thy will be done, thou knowest what is best for us." And then Eleonora died, and the day they placed her in the grave, Francis was only thirty-six years of age.\*

With her he buried the world, and its hopes and loves ; and there was nothing now in all the future but God, and souls to be gained to his service. Eleonora was gone before, but united with him as she had been, even rivalling him, during the days of her life, why should she not watch over his labors still, and join with him in prayer to the Father of all, the dead as well as the living, that the works of her husband might tend to, and promote, the Greater Glory of God.

Sorrow had not passed away from the Castle of Gandia, when a grave man comes, to visit and confer with Duke Francis.

It was Peter Faber who had said that great Mass of Montmartre, at which Loyola, and Lainez, and Xavier, and Salmeron, and Bobadilla had communicated and made their vows upon the morning of the Annunciation, just ten years before. Faber came, charged with a mission from Ignatius, to spread and promote the education of youth in Spain. At the desire of Ignatius, Faber had paid this visit to Francis. Education, the highest and most complete, founded on the broad, sound basis of Religion, was the object to the promotion of which Borgia had long felt himself drawn. After earnest conversation with Faber he makes a retreat, and performs the *Spiritual Exercises*. The 5th of May, 1546, he lays the second stone of the foundation of a college, church, and library at Gandia : the whole establishment to be placed under the care of teachers appointed by Ignatius ; and permission is obtained from the Emperor, and from the Pope, that the college of Gandia shall be considered a University. Borgia did not limit his bounty here, but extended it to the Universities of Alcala and Seville. But, as Faber remarked, a still nobler and grander edifice was yet to be erected in the soul of Francis himself. The first stone was laid in the completion of the *Spiritual Exercises*, and to the completion of the invisible, but imperishable, structure, the energies of his after life were inflexibly devoted.

Preparatory to ordination, Borgia commences the study of theology. He sets out for Rome, to place himself at the feet of Ignatius. At Ferrara and at Florence the dukes are his kinsmen. They delay his progress with pomp and ceremony ; at last he reaches Rome, and wishes to enter it by night, but this cannot be, and the entrance is made in broad day, in a procession headed by a prince of the house of Colonna, by the Ambassador of Spain, and it was composed of a long train of Cardinals, Ecclesiastics and Nobles.

They arrive at the college of the Jesuits ; Borgia throws himself at

\* "Vida del S. Fr. de Borgia," &c.



the feet of Ignatius, who, raising, places him in the seat by his side, and here, on the breast of Ignatius, rest and peace are found at last.

Borgia expends a portion of his wealth in building the famous college of the Propaganda: he writes to the Emperor for permission to resign his honors and his titles, and to transfer his dukedom to his eldest son. Whilst he awaits the answer of the Emperor, Pope Julius the Third is desirous of raising him to the dignity of Cardinal. With the permission of Ignatius he flies from the threatened honor, and hides himself in a convent of the Society at Ognato, near the castle of Loyola, which he visits as hallowed ground.

At last the consent of the Emperor arrives. Francis Borgia, Duke of Gandia, is no longer Duke; no more Knight Commander of the Red Cross, not even a Spanish gentleman. There, in the little chapel of the college of Ognato, he assumes the Jesuits' gown, prays for a time, offers up his glowing heart to God; rises, takes leave of his servants, who depart, and Father Francis is at last happy and secure from the world and honors; well may we reverentially say, with one of his own brothers in Jesus—"That throne, which Lucifer lost for his pride, Francisco gained for his humility."\*

During these years, and we have now arrived at 1551, the Society had made glorious progress, under the guidance of Ignatius. Italy, Spain, Germany and the Low Countries entreated the aid of his followers, as teachers of Religion and of Literature. Xavier has founded a College at Goa; King John of Portugal has opened the great College of Coimbra, from which Rodriguez directs smaller establishments in Spain, in Portugal, and in Brazil; and Borgia has founded the College of Gandia, which is rated as a University.

Five years elapse, and we come to the 31st day of July, in 1556. Ignatius is very ill; how ill he alone knows, but he is fully prepared for death. The morning is breaking, and as the sunlight falls upon the Crucifix, a brightness comes over the face of the dying saint; he raises his hands towards heaven, he utters the name of Jesus, and with the word upon his lips, the soul of Ignatius Loyola soars away to its God.

He died in the 65th year of his age, the 35th after his conversion, and in the 16th after the confirmation of the Society of Jesus.

And what a glorious work had been accomplished during these 16 years; and yet there are those who compare Luther with Loyola! Take Luther's own account of his 63 years of life: this is it:—"I am a peasant's son, and my father, grand-father, and great-grand-father, were all common peasants. My father went to Mansfeldt, where he got employment in the mines, and where I was born. That I should ever become Bachelor of Arts, Doctor of Divinity, and what not, seemed not to be written in the stars. How I must have surprised folks by turning monk; and then, again, by changing the brown cap for another! By so doing I occasioned real grief and

\* Figuerra's "*Templo Militanti*," 4 parte, p. 9: also, "*Vida del S. Fr. de Borgia*," &c.; also Ribadencira's *Life of Borgia*, whose confessor he was during nine years.



trouble to my father. Afterwards I went to loggers with the Pope, married a runaway Nun, and had children by her. Who foresaw these things in the stars?"

So far for Luther's 63 years; now I take the 16 years of Loyola's generalship.

During these years, from the cell of the Roman College, with its crucifix, and its New Testament, and its *Imitation of Christ*, there issued a correspondence, more important to the world, and more extensive than that issuing from the Courts of France and Spain together. The Probationers of the Society amounted to many thousands; the Colleges for the professed exceeded one hundred. Castille had 10 Colleges; Arragon had 5, Andalusia 5. The number of Colleges in Portugal exceeded those of Spain. The Portuguese Colonies were entirely under the spiritual and educational care of the society. Nugnez and Lewis Gonzales were in Fez and Morocco, instructing the Christian slaves. Four Missionaries were in Congo, and thirteen were laboring in Abyssinia. Twenty-eight were in India; from Goa to Japan, one hundred brave soldiers of Loyola directed by Francis Borgia, were gaining whole races to Christianity! In Italy there were sixteen colleges; France had one; and Germany, that strong hold of Luther, was portioned into provinces, the conversion of which was destined to become the most famous victory of the irresistible zeal of the Society of Jesus.

Contemplating such a work as this, and *all* accomplished in 16 years, well might Xavier kneel whilst he wrote to Loyola; well might he carry about him the autograph of "Holy Father Ignatius" as a sacred relic. Well might Baronius and Bellarmine (no puny-minded men these) meet on the anniversary of Loyola's death, to pray beside his tomb; and well and truly did his disciples engrave upon that tomb this grand inscription,—“Whoever thou mayest be who hast portrayed to thine own imagination, Pompey, or Cæsar, or Alexander, open thine eyes to the truth, and let this marble teach thee how much greater a conqueror than they was Ignatius.”\*

Ignatius was succeeded, as general, by Lainez; Lainez, in 1565, by Francis Borgia; Borgia, in 1572, by Aquaviva.

I shall not enter, in detail, into a narrative of the three generalships. The men stand out gloriously from the canvas, but they are only portions of the great picture of the Society, and I merge their individuality in its entire history.

You will remember that Claudius le Jay attended, at Trent, as Theologian to the Bishop of Augsburg. Through the abilities of this man the whole great field of Germany was thrown open. Le Jay, and his companions, saw the intellectual battle ground mapped out before them, and they seized upon the position. In 1551 the Society had hardly a footing in Germany; yet in 1566 (mark,

\* Ribadeneira's, and also Bartoli's biographies of Loyola; also Massei's noble Life of the saint.

only 15 years) the Society extends its sphere of usefulness over Bavaria and Tyrol; to Franconia; to Swabia; to great part of the Rhineland and Austria; and far away into Bohemia, Moravia and Hungary. And here you must note that this blow to the system of Luther was mainly given through the schools; that is, upon Luther's own great and most telling point—education.

No science was, in its most towering pinnacles, too high for mastery and for teaching, by the Jesuit. No office of the school-master was too mean, or too small, for the acceptance of the Jesuit. In the chair of the Professor of Philosophy, with mind clashing against mind, and with system of reasoning pitted against counter system, and all worked out in argument until the very brain grew sick with thought, there was the soldier of Loyola. In the school where the little children came to learn the alphabet or to lisp the catechism, there, again, was the soldier of Loyola—and all because the Society of Jesus had recruits who volunteered for any work that could be undertaken in the name of Jesus, and for the Greater Glory of God.

In Vienna the children of the Jesuits' schools observed all the fasts of the church, even whilst these same fasts were broken by their parents. In Cologne the good old days of the Faith came back, and relics were restored from the lowly corners in which belief had hidden them in the days of persecution; and once more the beads, and the little crucifix, speaking louder than the most eloquent of the eloquent could speak, were seen in the poor hands to which a book was spiritless.

And thus, through Germany, the Society of Jesus spreads, and only thirty-eight years after the death of Luther the boasted triumphs of his teaching are the dreams of a shadow.

The grand ceremonies of the Church are revived. Devotional exercises, as *you* have them in May, and at all *her* recurring festivals, were celebrated in honor of the Immaculate Virgin Mother of God. All through the land, the Angelus Bell sounds once more, and nothing *is* but what once *was*, in the times before Luther had changed the brown cap for another; and, as a historian of the Society of Jesus states—"what was formerly esteemed superstitious and even contemptible is now held sacred; what was lately revered as a gospel is now declared to be only a deceit." Truly the schools of the Jesuits are the famous things of Lutheran Germany; so famous, that the Protestant children are withdrawn from Protestant schools, and entered as scholars at those directed by the Jesuits. Nothing could exceed the reputation of their schools. The great Lord Bacon writes, and who will dare contradict him,—“For education consult the schools of the Jesuits. Nothing hitherto tried in practice surpasses them.”\* So says Henry Hallam: so says Macaulay. “The Jesuits, were,” writes Chateaubriand, “naturalists, chemists, botanists, mathematicians, mechanics, astronomers, poets, historians, translators,

\* De Augment. Scient. lib. vi. cap 4.

antiquarians, and journalists ; there was no branch of science which they did not cultivate with brilliant success."

It was not alone through teaching secular knowledge that the Jesuits distinguished themselves in the conversion of Germany. Wherever the College flourished, there too the preacher appeared ; the missionary work went on, and the Faith of Rome was again spreading its wings over the lands in which the treason of Luther had found followers. In 1563 the ceremonies of St. Peter's day were neglected and despised ; in 1586, in this single year, 14 cities and market-towns, and above 100 villages, containing in all, 62,000 inhabitants, were brought back to the Catholic religion, through the zeal of a single Jesuit, Father Gerhard Weller.\*

Onward went the Jesuits through Styria, through the Netherlands, through Poland, through Austria, through France ; over all these fair lands the banner of Jesus floats triumphant, and ever as it floats there rises up to heaven the grand battle cry of Loyola—For The Greater Glory of God.

Years roll on, and the Society of Jesus grows in usefulness, and in that great power for good which ever accompanies, and is the complement of, a cause blessed by heaven. Times change. In many a scene of gloom ; suppressed, banished, plundered, maligned, misrepresented, the Society of Jesus, true to its Founder, was still the same. They were to think only of The Greater Glory of God, and ever to remember that eternal maxim of Loyola, "When God hath appointed out a way, we must faithfully follow it, and never think of another, under pretence that it is more easy and safe."

Had the Society of Jesus been merely contemplative ; had its members, flying from the world, wept out life in solitary prayers, as if there was on earth nothing but themselves, and God's eternal Omnipotence, they might have gone onward to immortality, victors of only their own souls. But in the long vigils of Ignatius, he had learned from the crucifix, from the Testament, from the grave morals of Thomas a Kempis, that interest will be demanded for the talent, and so his admonition was ever to his Novices—"It is not enough that *I* serve the Lord ; *all* hearts ought to love him, and *all* tongues ought to praise him." In a life merely contemplative they might have lived in peace. They might, perhaps, have gone on with no crosses or trials, save these which every Catholic Institute opposing the world of sin, and ignorance, and self-interest, must encounter, and combat, and defeat. But the Society of Jesus was a militant body, the soldiers of the church, ready to do any service in her cause. They were, above all, men of apostolic action, and the most glorious portion of their whole existence was the exposure to assault. Saint Augustin has indicated the two cities, the city of God and the city of the world, the strife of which shall end only where time shall sink in eternity. Nothing is more natural than the storms forming the historic atmosphere

\* Gropp., Sacchinus, Reiffenberg. Ranke quotes them, as far as he does quote, very honestly.



of the Jesuits ; that noble history is the tableau of truth and opinion in Europe for more than three centuries,—centuries crowded with events and marvels before which all older greatnesses fade or vanish.

The Jesuits arose at a period when the profoundest hatred prevailed against the Church. Later, the Society came face to face with another enemy, Jansenism. The genius of Port-Royal, the power of the parliament of France, the selfish trading spirit of Pombal in Portugal ; enemies in the Magistracy, enemies at the Press, enemies amongst the Philosophers ; the people blinded by theological points, on which they could, by no possibility, have any informed opinion ; every one of these, all these together, making the charm against the Society of Jesus “Thick and slab,” till it was “double, double, toil and trouble,” was there, and, against it *all*, the Society had to take its stand. That which was best understood, in old days, in England, and is now, was used—misrepresentation, lying. What Titus Oates was able to do against the Jesuits 181 years ago, is attempted in a less highly colored style, to-day, against the Society. That which the people of France, at all times, best understood, and now best understand—raillery, be it true or false, was supplied ; and from the brightest fancy, from the most glorious mind that pride and prejudice ever warped from honor ; from the most charmed pen that ever was glorified by the spirits of wit and eloquence, came that great, sad, pitiable, yet immortal *lie*, *Les Lettres Provinciales*.

It was not alone against Luther and Jansenius that the Jesuits defended Catholicity. They were the champions of Religion in its very essence, aye, I'll say it, in its very fundamental principles, in its works. And how ? Thus : their pens, their tongues, were engaged in, and devoted to the doctrines that ensure the stability, and therefore the free working, of governments. As the instructors of youth, they taught their pupils that right was right, and that wrong was wrong, no matter by whom done, or by whom promoted ; and that there were social and religious truths, grand and holy things, as sure and certain, and true as truth itself, which no seducing day-dream could outshine ; which did not belong to the passing hour, but which were great things, as they embraced the interests of this hour, this age, all time. This teaching it was which all the French Philosophers, from Voltaire, with his grinning spleen, to Michelet, Voltaire's ape, would annihilate. This was the vanguard against which all the campaign of calumny was opened by the whole race of pigmies, who mouthed, and shook their mad hands against all right, and truth, and justice, in the first French Revolution ; the seed of that time in which Fenelon had heard *the low murmur of impiety*.

The Jesuits had been the truest benefactors of fickle, ungrateful France. They had educated her great military commanders, from Condé to D'Estrée. They had given to the Church such glories as Bossuet, as Fleury, as Rochefoucault, as Huet, and as immortal, world-loved



Fenelon. For the Bar, that great Bar of France, which Chancellor D'Aguesseau said "was so high a thing that the Advocate's gown was the badge of a nobility all its own, a nobility without title, rank without birth, and riches without an estate," the Jesuits had educated men famous in every order of the legal mind, from Pelletier to Montesquieu. In science and general literature the Jesuits had sent out men in every branch, from Descartes to Fontenelle—such men as Crebillon, Molière and Corneille. And here it was that the Jesuits felt, and felt more deeply, and truly, and sorely, than *Lear*—

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,  
To have a thankless child—"

for Rousseau and Voltaire were their own scholars in literature; these who should have been the "familiar friends" were the bitterest foes!\* France, led as she too often has been, by names, followed the teachings of the Philosophers, destroying all Government when she could have reformed abuses black as ever cursed a people, but which, and whilst cursing, gave the people the power, because of their atrocity, to defy any oligarchy, even the most mighty, who dared to defend them.

But these hateful Jesuits stood in the way of the Philosophers; they stood, as the little garrison of La Belle Alliance; they stood as the men who kept the Rifle Pits at Sebastopol; they stood as the men who held Lucknow against a nation; that is, - having a duty to perform, it must be done—and they did it—no shirking and no shrinking. These French Jesuits have always appeared to me like the crew of a stout ship attacked by pirates; they may be beaten, the particular ship may sink, but while she floats the colors shall never strike; shot for shot while it can be fired, and when that fails, she may sink, but she sinks with colors flying, and with the cry of the captain rising above the roar of the battle, for the Greater Glory of God.

Voltaire writes as follows to D'Alembert, referring to those Jesuit Missions in China, in endeavouring to found which great Francis Xavier had lost his life and gained immortal happiness. "It would be a great thing if we could prevent those *rascally Jesuits* from doing mischief in China. That might be brought to bear by the means of the Court of St. Petersburg, but let us begin by thinking of Paris." And so well did Paris and the philosophers think of the scheme, that scheme which went for the abolition of everything sent by God, in his infinite mercy, to bless mankind, that when the Bishop of Aix, upon the part of the French clergy of all orders, offered to raise 400,000,000*f.* towards defraying the pressing debts of the nation, the commissioners told him in plain terms, "What you offer may answer the ends of finance, but it will not answer the ends we propose to ourselves." And so they suppressed the Jesuits, robbed them, made them beggars; and in the place of Religion, they set up the goddess of Reason, they set up Marat, and Robespierre, and everything and anything, until that grim, iron, wondrous man

\* See Appendix B.

crushed them all beneath his legions. The first man who gained genuine power after the Revolution was the first man who understood the evils inflicted on France by the suppression of the Jesuits, that man was the wonder of all wonders, so high and yet so mean, so grovelling, and yet so heroically soaring—Napoleon Buonaparte.

In the Portuguese dominions the Jesuits were noted as the advocates and protectors of the slaves, against Pombal, the Home Minister, and against the cruelty and cupidity of his brother, Xavier Mendoza, the Colonial Governor in Brazil. All that men could do to make a conqueror loved, and a foreign rule respected, the Jesuits had accomplished in Brazil. At home, in that great earthquake of Lisbon, which has been one of the wonderful things to make children shudder, and brave men think, the Jesuits were the boldest of the bold in rushing amongst the tottering ruins and trembling walls to succour the wounded or the dying, and were themselves the very *slaves* of all who wanted help for soul or body. These were great services; but kings are often short-sighted when they see through the spectacles of ministers, or their own passions, or through anything but the free will of a free people, and so the Jesuits were suppressed in Portugal through the influence of Pombal, even though as honest-hearted a woman as ever lived was against it, I mean the Queen; and all because the Jesuits would not allow the brother of the Prime Minister to traffic in slaves.

During twenty years a Jesuit dared not, with impunity, show himself in Portugal; they had not a spot of the old familiar homes on which they could lay their heads; and, after all, Pombal turns out to be a traitor to the king, a trader in slaves, to be every thing he should not be, and everything that could make him hate and detest the Jesuits. He is tried by his peers, convicted, attainted, condemned to death, *and who pardons* him in the commutation of his sentence into banishment to his own estate—the very queen who had, during all those twenty years, been that one who, in all Portugal, knew how basely the Jesuits had been maligned, ill-treated, and plundered by the Minister who misused his position, and abused the confidence of an irresponsible king, to serve his traitorous or selfish ends.

The Jansenists did not perceive the danger to the Faith arising from their quarrel with the Jesuits. Lord Bacon had said of the Jesuits, “being what you are, would to God you were ours.” Alphonsus Ligouri called them then the bulwarks of the Church. Voltaire knew them to be so, and hated the 20,000 brave men who were ready to die at any moment for Truth. During forty years before the Revolution the Kings of the South of Europe lent their hands to their own destruction. By the sides of these weak kings, were found ministers unable to prevent the evil or prompt to work it. Choiseul in France, Pombal in Portugal, Wall and D’Aranda in Spain, and Tanucci in Naples, went before the breeze of innovation, and rejoiced in the work of iniquity.\*

\* See Appendix C.

Pombal planned the destruction of Catholicity in Portugal, provided himself with monstrous accusations against the Jesuits, struck them without proofs, without trial, without any avowable motives, and crowned his tyrannical measures by the cruelty of their execution. Madame de Pompadour, finding them intractable with respect to her own errors, demanded their expulsion from France. Choiseul, the minister, was only too happy to second her hatred in denouncing them to the Parliament. Charles III. of Spain was devout, but he was influenced by an atrocious calumny, by which the honor of his mother and his own legitimacy were compromised, and he signed an order for their banishment. Six thousand priests, with nothing but their breviaries and a change of clothes, were hurried on board ship with barbarous precipitation. Naples, Parma, and Malta, rivalled Spain in the evil work. Pope Clement XIII., whose reign of ten and a-half years was one scene of struggle and protest, wrote to Joseph I. of Portugal in the words of Scripture—"Have pity, my son, on the grey hairs of your father, and do not afflict him in the last days of his life." At the approach of the storm, he exhorted Louis XV. to be firm in defence of the interests of Religion, and entreated the Bishops to co-operate with him.

Clement XIII., at bay before the Courts of France, Spain, and Naples, declared to the Ambassador of Spain that, like some of his predecessors, he preferred exile to the betrayal of the cause of Religion and of the Church. He would not wait for a reply, but ordered the doors to be opened in order to end the Conference. The occupation of Avignon and of Ponte Cervo, did not turn him from his resolve. He shewed this heroic determination though assailed from without by those who ought to have proved themselves his affectionate and dutiful children. Oppressed with the infirmities of age, he was released by death from his sufferings, and of his hapless successor, Clement XIV., it was required that, as the dreaded sons of Loyola were now expelled from four kingdoms, he should banish them from the world—extinguish them altogether by suppression. During four years he temporised; he lived from day to day hearing nothing but injunctions and threats; and, after each sleepless night, he commenced another day of misery and anguish. At last the *poor Pope*, as the pious witnesses of his torments called him, signed, for the SAKE OF PEACE, the Brief of Abolition, the 21st July, 1773, and the 22nd September, 1774, the anguish of his soul brought him to the tomb.

Addressing, as I am, and them only, the Catholic Young Men's Society, I need not dwell upon these suppressions and hatreds. The hatreds date from the great war of the sixteenth century against the Papacy, and such hatreds and wars will last as long as Governments are swayed by feelings of fancied self-interest; or whilst Nations are led by Philosophy without God, or by Education without Religion.



The Society of Jesus belongs to no party and, like Catholicism, it accommodates itself to all forms of the earthly governments of the people throughout the Universe. Founded in obedience, it sympathises with lawful authority, and with peace and order; because peace and order bear the image of that harmony prevailing around the bright throne where the glory of the Omnipotent is revealed.

Doubtless there are men, Catholic men, who believe that many apologies are needed for the Jesuits. Doubtless there are many apologies needed, like that inimitable paper of Dean Swift's, which he calls—"an Argument to prove that the Abolishing of Christianity in England may, AS THINGS STAND, be attended with some inconveniences." Doubtless there are Catholic men who have strange notions about the Jesuits, picked up at second hand, and gathered from the pages of virulently hostile historians. But no man worthy of the name, the fine old name, Catholic, and who is ambitious to attain the noble name, a Student of History, is justified in taking sweeping charges against the Jesuits, or against any Religious Body, upon trust; more especially as all the history is sure to come from prejudiced sources, and all such history *must*, of necessity, be a lie, or a misconception. In fact, we must measure great institutions by their detractors,—just as the Chinese measure the height of a tower by the length of its shadow; and above all, we may, and ought to measure the Society of Jesus by this standard.

I have detained you too long, but I cannot close without a panoramic picture of the achievements of the society—"While the nations of the Peninsula hastened with barbaric chivalry to spread religion by the sword in the newly explored regions of the East and West, the Jesuits alone, the great missionaries of that age, either repaired or atoned for the evils caused by the misguided zeal of their countrymen. In India, they suffered martyrdom with heroic consistency. They penetrated through the barrier which Chinese policy opposed to the entrance of strangers—cultivating the most difficult of languages with such success as to compose hundreds of volumes in it; and, by the public utility of their scientific acquirements, obtained toleration, patronage, and personal honors, from that jealous government. The natives of America, who generally felt the comparative superiority of the European race only in a more rapid or a more gradual destruction, and to whom even the excellent Quakers dealt out little more than penurious justice, were, under the paternal rule of the Jesuits, reclaimed from savage manners, and instructed in the arts and duties of civilised, life. At the opposite point of society, they were fitted by their release from conventual life, and their allowed intercourse with the world, for the perilous office of secretly guiding the conscience of princes. They maintained the highest station, as a religious body, in the literature of Catholic countries. No other association ever sent forth so many disciples who reached such eminence in departments so various and unlike. While some of their number ruled the royal penitents at Versailles or the Escorial, others



were teaching the use of the spade and the shuttle to the naked savages of Paragúay ; a third body daily endangered their lives in an attempt to convert the Hindús to Christianity ; a fourth carried on the controversy against the Reformers ; a portion were at liberty to cultivate polite literature ; while the greater part continued to be employed either in carrying on the education of Catholic Europe, or in the government of their Society, and in ascertaining the ability and disposition of the junior members, so that well qualified men might be selected for the extraordinary variety of offices in their immense commonwealth. The most famous constitutionalists, the most skilful casuists, the ablest school-masters, the most celebrated professors, the best teachers of the humblest mechanical arts, the missionaries who could most bravely encounter martyrdom, or who with most patient skill could infuse the rudiments of religion into the minds of ignorant tribes, or prejudiced nations, were the growth of their fertile schools."

Such were the Jesuits, such is the glowing, life-like panorama of the Society of Jesus left to the world by a great lawyer, a great judge, a great reformer of abuses, a great historian, a fine statesman, a most eloquent writer, but, above all, a most honest man—a man of whom another honest man, Sydney Smith, wrote—" *Truth* had so much more power over him than anger, that (whatever might be the provocation) he could not misrepresent, nor exaggerate. In questions of passion and party he stated facts as they were, and reasoned fairly upon them, placing his happiness and pride in equitable discrimination."

Such was the man whose *resumé* of Jesuit labors I have quoted, no less a man than Sir James Mackintosh.

I have not touched upon the labors of the Jesuits in England and Ireland, because you are, yourselves, thoroughly acquainted with the invaluable services conferred upon these kingdoms by the Society of Jesus, as ministers of Religion and as instructors of youth. Their first efforts, in England, were directed to preserve a King from folly and the Nation from a revolution ; their latest efforts are devoted to the forming good servants for heaven, and true subjects for the State. They teach us that our first duty is to God, our second duty to our laws and country ; they teach us to be kind and courteous to all ; they teach us that God's Daughter, *Truth*, is the grandest thing in the character and life of man. They tell us that these things make up the character of the Christian gentleman. This being their system of teaching, you can understand that wherever the Society has free action, there order, and morality, and learning flourish ; and surely as the Society is suppressed, so surely there arise disorder, irreligion, and a literature without a God.

Here, my friends, we part. My lecture has been very long ; but, herein it is, that I only supply another proof of how truly glorious old Samuel Johnson wrote when he declared,—“Henceforth let no man say I will write a disquisition upon the Jesuits, at least, let no man say so, who has not subdued the lust of story-telling.”

## APPENDIX A.

The following passages from Cardinal Wiseman's Preface to the edition of *The Spiritual Exercises*, published by Dolman in 1847, will serve to explain what these wonderful Exercises really are.

"There are many books from which the reader is taught to expect much, but which, perused, yield him but little profit. Those are few and most precious, which, at first sight, and on slender acquaintance, seem to contain but little; but the more they are studied, the more instruction, the more solid benefit, they bestow: which are like a soil that looks bare and unadorned, but which contains beneath its surface rich treasures that must be digged out and drawn from a great depth.

To this second class I know no book that so justly belongs as the little work here presented to the public. The word of God, in His Holy Scriptures, is beyond everything else that has been written in this, that without, it is all fair, and within all rich; that it is perfect to the eye that looks for beauty, and to the understanding that seeks for hidden wisdom. In the Exercises of St Ignatius, on the other hand, many will be no doubt disappointed, when for the first time they look into them. They have heard of the wonderful effects which they have produced, of the innumerable conversions which they have wrought, of the spiritual perfection to which they have led; and they will see in the text of the work itself nothing but simplicity of form, plainness of sentiment and diction, hints often rather than explanations, germs of thought rather than developments, skeletons often more than perfect forms, sketches instead of pictures;—no poetry, no emotions, no high flown ideas, no enthusiastic aspirations; but maxims of eternal import inculcated with the calmness of a philosopher; the sternest truths delivered as obvious and self-demonstrating propositions; the sublimest moral lessons of the Gospel, self-denial, renunciation of the world, contempt of life, perpetual continency, and blind obedience, taught as simple virtues attainable to any Christian. And yet throughout there is a manifest conviction of the adequacy of the means to the end, in the writer's mind; there is nothing experimental, nothing optional, nothing left to be discovered; but every method is laid down as certain, every result reckoned on as sure. It is a plan framed by a master mind (unless we admit a higher solution), capable of grappling with perhaps the most arduous and complicated task, and, without overlooking a difficulty, and apparently without proportionate means, confident of its success. A man is presumed to enter into the course of the *Spiritual Exercises* in the defilement of sin, under the bondage of every passion, wedded to every worldly and selfish affection, without a method or rule of life; and to come out from them restored to virtue, full of generous and noble thoughts, self-conquering and self-ruling, but not self-trusting, on the arduous path of Christian life. Black and unwholesome as the muddy water that is poured into the filter, were his affections and his soul; bright, sweet, and healthful as the stream that issues from it, they come forth. He was as dross when cast into this furnace, and is pure gold when drawn from it.

Now the superficial reader of this excellent book will ask, how is this accomplished? Where is the power, the skill,—nay, perhaps he will add, the *machinery*,—by which such results are obtained? Whence springs the great confidence of its writer in its efficacy?

The answer to this question it is not easy to give in the short compass of a preface; nor will I, therefore, attempt it; but perhaps a few pages of explanation of the Exercises will enable the reader to discover it for himself.

It must be observed, then, that it is a practical not a theoretical work. It is not a treatise on sin or on virtue; it is not a method of Christian perfection; but it contains the entire practice of perfection, by making us at once conquer sin, and acquire the highest virtue. The person who goes through the Exercises is not instructed, but is made to act; and this book will not be intelligible apart from this view.

The reader will observe that it is divided into four weeks; and each of these has a specific object, to advance the exercitant, an additional step towards perfect virtue. If the work of each week be thoroughly done, this is actually accomplished.

The first week has for its aim the cleansing of the conscience from past sin, and of the affections from their future dangers. For this purpose, the soul is made to convince itself deeply of the true end of its being,—to serve God and be saved, and of the real worth of all else. This consideration has been justly called, by St. Ignatius, the *principle* or *foundation* of the entire system. No limits are put to the time that may be spent upon this subject; it ought not to be left till the mind is *made up*, that nothing is worth aiming at but God and salvation, and that to all other things we must be indifferent. They are but instruments or hindrances in the acquisition of these, and accordingly they must be treated. It is clear that the person, who has brought himself to this state of mind, has fully prepared himself, for submitting to whatever he may be required to do by God, for attaining his end.

Upon this groundwork is raised the duty of the first week. Considerations of the punishment of sin, which lead us gradually to an abhorrence of it, in itself, make the sinner sift and thoroughly unburthen his conscience. ‘The fear of God,’ which ‘is the beginning of wisdom,’ is thus the first agent in the great work of change; a change not prospective or mental, but real. Sin is abandoned, hated, loathed.

At the conclusion of the painful task, the soul finds itself prostrate and full of anxieties. The past is remedied; but what is to be done for the future? A rule to guide us, an example to encourage us, high motives to animate us, are now wanting; and the three following weeks secure us these.

In the second, the life of Christ is made our model; by a series of contemplations of it we become familiar with His virtues, enamoured of His perfections; we learn, by copying Him, to be obedient to God, and man, meek, humble, affectionate, zealous, charitable, and forgiving; men of only one wish and one thought, that of doing ever God’s holy will alone; discreet, devout, observant of every law, scrupulous performers of every duty. Every meditation on these subjects shows us *how* to do all this; in fact, makes us really do it.

Still up to this point we have been dealt with kindly, as the Apos-



ties were treated by their good Master. He told them not of these things, that is, of his sufferings, at first, lest sorrow should fill their hearts (John. xvi. 5, 6). The milk of consolation and encouragement must precede the strong food of patience and conformity. The third week brings us to this. Having desired and tried to be like Christ in action, we are brought to wish and endeavour to be like unto Him in suffering. For this purpose His sacred passion becomes the engrossing subject of the Exercises. The soul which has been brought near him in admiration now clings to him in loving sympathy,—nay, finds her admiration redoubled at His divine bearing in sorrow, ignominy, and pain. Having already made up her mind to be like Him in all things, she is not now to be scared from resemblance by the bitterness of suffering or disgrace. On the contrary, she wishes to suffer for Him and with Him, for the very love's sake, which made Him so suffer. Every meditation on the Passion strengthens, deepens, matures this feeling, and renders it a new power and affection of the soul. She has become a martyr in resolution and desire; she would go forth from this holy work of meditation to the realization of her earnest desire to suffer with Jesus; she is prepared for mortifications, for tribulations, for persecutions, for death, for anything whereby she may be likened to her Lord and God.

But she must be convinced and feel, that if she suffers, she shall also be glorified with Him: and hence the fourth and concluding week raises the soul to the consideration of those glories, which crowned the humiliations and sufferings of our Lord. As throughout He is represented to us in his blessed Humanity as being our model, so here, are our thoughts directed to Him, triumphant over death, but still conversing among men,—those now who love Him; that so our love may be likewise with Him, in holy conversation and familiar intercourse, and so He may draw up our hearts with Him, when He ascends to His Father; and there they may ever abide where our Treasure is. Thus have we been gradually raised from fear to love, which henceforward is the 'informing principle' (to borrow a phrase from the schools) of our lives and being.

It is clear that if these various principles and feelings have been really infused into us, if they have been worked into our hearts, so as to form a part of their real practical influences, we shall come from the Exercises, duly performed, completely changed, and fitted for our future course. Many indeed have experienced this. They have entered the place appointed for them, like a vessel shattered by the storms, bruised, and crippled, and useless: they have come forth, with every breach repaired, every disfigurement removed; and, what is of more importance, furnished with rudder and compass, sails and anchor, all that can direct and guide, impel and secure them. What wonder, if their songs of gratitude and joy resound along the main?

Two things will, perhaps, strike the reader as drawbacks to the attainment of this object: first, the scantiness of matter furnished in the book for filling up the time; and secondly, the obvious want of a regulating and adapting power in its application. For it is clear, that the work of one week should be continued till its object is attained, and the exercitant is prepared for the impressions of the next. These apparent wants are supplied by one essential element of a



Spiritual Retreat (for so the Exercises reduced to action are popularly called), *Direction*. In the Catholic Church, no one is ever allowed to trust himself in spiritual matters. The Sovereign Pontiff is obliged to submit himself to the direction of another, in whatever concerns his own soul. The life of a good Retreat is a good Director of it. He it is that modifies (not arbitrarily, but by fixed rules and principles), the order of the Exercises, diminishes their number, and curtails their duration; he shortens and lengthens each week, and, watching the workings of grace on each one's spirit, suppresses meditations, or introduces additional ones, to second them. It is he who prepares materials for the exercitant to meditate on, divides the subject for him into its parts, suggests its applications, and leads him step by step through his various duties. He wards off or suppresses disturbing emotions, spiritual dryness, dejection, and scruples; he represses overeagerness, rashness, and enthusiasm; and, regulating the balance of contending affections, endeavours to keep all at a steady and peaceful level, so that the grace of God may gently, and as it were by a breath, move and regulate every determination. Let no one think of undertaking these holy Exercises, without the guidance of a prudent and experienced Director.

It will be seen, that the Weeks of the Exercises do not mean necessarily a period of seven days. The original duration of their performance was certainly a month; but even so, more or less time was allotted to each week's work, according to the discretion of the Director. Now, except in very particular circumstances, the entire period is abridged to ten days; sometimes it is still further reduced. But even so, the form and distribution of the Exercises must be strictly kept, and no anticipations or inversions must be permitted. It is impossible to make the slightest change in this respect without injury. Gladly would I enter fully into this subject, and show the admirable and beautiful chain-work which connects all the Exercises or meditations from the first to the last,—connects them as clearly and as intimately as any series of sound mathematical propositions can be connected. But it would take a long essay to do justice to this matter.

It is, however, to this logical and argumentative arrangement that the Exercises, in great measure, owe their certainty of result. The mind may struggle against the first axiom, or rather demonstrable truth, in the series; but once satisfied of this, resistance is useless, as unreasonable; the next consequence is inevitable, conclusion follows conclusion, and the triumph is complete. The passions may entrench themselves at each step, behind new works, but each position carried is a point of successful attack upon the next, and grace at length wins their very citadel. Many is the fool who has entered into a retreat to scoff, and has remained to pray.

Besides the regular work of the Exercises, there are other matters connected with them, which this volume contains. One of the most important of these is the method of "election," or choice of a state of life,—a duty usually performed in a spiritual retreat. This is perhaps the most delicate, difficult, and even dangerous point with which the Director and his disciples have to deal. No one can study the rules laid down by St. Ignatius without admiring their prudence

their sagacity, and certain power. But they require a wise and steady hand and eye for their application. It has been reported that these Exercises are to be soon published as a work "adapted for members of the Church of England," in the same way as other Catholic books have appeared. If so, we cannot anticipate any result but misunderstanding and fatal error, from the attempt to employ them as spiritual instruments. If left to individual application they will only lead the soul into a maze of perplexities and bewilderment, and, deprived of their adjusting power, Direction, give rise to sadness and discouragement, or presumption and self-will. And of this there will be a much greater danger, by far, than a similar use would cause in a Catholic, from the want of safeguard, which a definite dogmatic teaching alone can give, as well as of that aid which familiarity with ascetic principles, and the ordinary use of the Sacraments confer. And if, on the other hand, it is intended to put the Exercises into practice under Direction, we are sure that much mischief will still ensue; from the absence of all training and traditional rules, which guide the Catholic Director in his arduous duty. It will be the blind leading the blind, to the fatal detriment of both. Bits and particles of the Catholic system cannot be thus detached with impunity, and incorporated with another system. Not only is the effect a monstrous incongruity, but it is at once a piece of bad faith with one side, and of injustice to the other.

What has been said will perhaps explain, though inadequately, the wonderful power and efficacy of the 'Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius,' in thoroughly reforming the soul and bringing it from sin to steady virtue. But the grand secret may be said to consist in two points.

First, the entire work is performed by *principles*, not by emotions which pass away. Conviction of the truth and reality of all that is inculcated is aimed at and secured; reason is enlisted on the side of conscience; and whatever use is made of the feelings in the course of the Exercises, is but as scaffolding to assist in the erection of a solid structure of virtue, which will stand, and weather the storm, after it has been removed.

Secondly, the mind it made to act throughout, and to work out its own resolutions. Nothing is imposed on us by others, either through persuasion or by authority: we are made to think, to conclude, to determine, and to act, by a process essentially our own; so that there is no escape, and no danger from the re-action of self-love. No influence has been used, further than to guide rightly the exercise of our own powers; and even that direction has been given to us with our eyes open, and under the full conviction that we cannot shrink from a single step, without going against reason and conscience."

## APPENDIX B.

“In France,” says a distinguished writer, “as well as in other countries, they bore the palm in every employment of public education. The youth of our most distinguished families ran eagerly after the instructions of these new teachers, whose renown had reached the four corners of the kingdom, which let down the credit of our university, and infused into it the seeds of acrimonious hatred and jealousy, whence sprang the root of all their quarrels with the Jesuits. And when, under the reign of Henry IV., these fathers were forced to quit the kingdom, their scholars followed them into foreign countries in such numbers, that the schools of the university were in a manner deserted. This fact we learn from the mouth of Henry IV. himself. In his reply to the president Harlay, he observes, “you say, that the most learned members of your parliament have learnt nothing from them: if the oldest be the most learned, you are right; they had finished their studies before the Jesuits were known in France; but I have heard, that such is not the language of the other parliaments, nor indeed is the universal sentiment of all your own. If they did not teach better than others, whence came it, then, that by their absence your university became almost a desert, and that, in defiance of all your decrees, they follow them to Douay, and other places out of my dominions.”

“This fact is also vouched for by Du Boulay, the historian of the university. “They frequent their schools,” says he, “in crowds, and they desert those of the university; what the university loses thereby, is so much gain to the Catholic religion, as is admitted even by the bitterest enemies of the Society.”\* Whence arose this influx of scholars into the Jesuits’ colleges? I admit impartially, that the gratuitous education which they gave to youth, increased the number of their scholars. I will also add, that the wish of many to guard their children from the seduction of Calvinism, which was then making rapid strides throughout France, induced many of the first families about the court, and through the kingdom, to send them by preference to the Jesuits; but it is also unquestionable, that the Society had gained this partiality of the public by the celebrity of their professors, who more perhaps than rivalled those of the university. I do not assert, that the course of studies given in the university of Paris was inferior to that which was given in the Jesuits’ colleges; I will go no further than to remark, that these two rival bodies of instructors were perpetually vying with each, for the excellency of their public education, with various success and in various degrees. The chairs of the university have been filled by men of eminent merit; and amongst their scholars are to be reckoned some men of profound learning, who have graced French annals with their

\* History of the University, vol. vi. p. 916

immortal names. But it would be unjust, in the extreme, to rob the Society of the like pretensions. Flat nonsense could not be pushed further by stupidity, than by the assertion, that the education given in the colleges of the institute was vicious and barbarous. "What are you to think," exclaims indignantly the author of the *Apology for the Jesuits*, "of a man, that condemns, as vicious and barbarous, that education which formed so many brilliant military characters, venerated under the names of Bourbon, Condé, Conti, Bouillon, Rohan, Soubise, Luxembourg, Villars, Brissac, Montmorenci, Duras, Brancas, Grammont, Richelieu, Nivernois, Mortemart, D'Estrée, Broglie, Choiseul, Beaveau, Crequy, &c. &c. &c.; so many bright luminaries of the church, namely, La Rochefoucault, Polignac, Fléchier, Bossuet, Fenelon, Huet, Bissy, Fleury, Languet, Belzunce, &c. &c. &c.; so many illustrious ornaments of the profession of the law, viz. Lamoignon, Seguier, Pontchartrain, Bignon, Novion, d'Argenson, de Mesme, Lebret, Potier, Bouhier, Montesquieu, Maupeou, Pelletier, Amelot, Nicolai, Mole, Henault, &c. &c. &c.; so many great and renowned men of science and literature, as Justus Lipsius, Regis, Descartes, Cassini, Varignon, Malézieux, Tournefort, Corneille, Rousseau, Crébillon, Moliér, Fontenelle, Monnoye, Marian, d'Olivet, Voltaire, Gresset, Pompingan, la Condamine, &c. &c. &c."

Let us leave the colleges, both of the university and of the Jesuits, in quiet possession of the reputation they have respectively enjoyed for a long series of years, even centuries, without exciting any rival jealousy that can wound self-love; let us confine our observations to this single and simple remark, that the existence of this rivalry forwarded the progress of science, and the emulation of these learned bodies rendered essential services to the cause of literature. This advantage was strongly noticed by the famous Cardinal de Richelieu, and he was admitted, on all hands, to have been a keen and deep politician. "He thought that the Society of the Jesuits could not, without injuring the public, in whose eyes it was so respectable for virtue and learning, be deprived of that function which they could exercise with signal service to the state. And since the imperfection of human nature always required some make weight or counterpoise, it was desirable that the university and the Jesuits should vie with each other in teaching, in order that emulation should acuminatè their powers, and that science should thereby acquire a firm footing in the state, that if one of them should happen to lose so sacred a deposit, it might be found in the other."

Besides the power of forming the minds of youth to learning, the Jesuits possessed the happy art of moulding their hearts to the more important practices of virtue.

What manner of conduct, in an instructor, is requisite to keep up, in the heart of his pupil, the reign of social and religious virtue? 1. He must display before him all the duties which religion and social nature sanction and require, as well as the motives for performing them with fidelity and perseverance; for the heart of a youth is new

\* The Political Testament of Cardinal de Richelieu, part 1. ch. 2.



and uncultivated soil, upon which the seeds of virtue should be cast early, if it be wished that, in the season when his propensities and powers are about to ripen, they be not blighted nor burned up by the destructive winds of the passions. What then are these first seeds of virtue, but the knowledge of the relative duties to God and our fellow creatures, and the powerful motives which our interest, both temporal and eternal, holds out to perform them? 2. He must, by the sway of example, give credit and efficacy to the lessons of wisdom and virtue which come from his lips, otherwise his lectures and instructions, however admirable in themselves, will be no more in the eyes of his pupils than idle speculations, which enforce no duty, and his conduct will be considered but as the getting up of a part by a player, which begets no confidence, the mere trick of a juggler, that inspires, as it deserves, nought but contempt. 3. He must incessantly labour at checking and forming the dispositions of his pupil, whilst they are still pliant, lest they gain a head and become unmanageable, at that critical turn of life when the passions acquire their full force and power. To succeed therefore in this important object, without which the youth's virtue can be neither pure nor permanent, he must study with close attention his character, to learn its strong and its weak parts, and to discover the most lively and deeply-rooted propensities, to the ascendancy of which his vicious inclinations are most likely to bend. But above all, it is indispensably necessary to keep alive in his mind, and in full action, the powerful spring of religion. Vainly will he talk to him, in the most lofty and energetic terms, of justice, probity, honour, and philosophy, if he binds not his passions with the chain of religion; quickly will he pride himself on his liberty of action, he will disdainfully reject the curb of moral institution, and plunge into the sensuality of the moment, heedless of justice, probity, honour, or philosophy. For, say what they will, the keenest of the philosophers cannot disprove, that the thought of a God, terrible in his judgments, magnificent in his rewards, is a more powerful and efficient check to man on the verge of crime, than the beauty of virtue, the hideousness of vice, the fear of disgrace, or the thirst of fame. Without applying this religious sanction to morality, which alone embraces all cases, extends to all circumstances, interests all men of every description, quality and character, it is but a shadow of legislation without the reality of a legislator, a law without means of being enforced, a stately edifice built upon sand, that falls before the first gust of wind. Never then will an instructor, be he gifted with the rarest and the most desirable talents, train up a pupil into a solid virtuous man, if religion be not the prime ingredient in his education, or if it be only resorted to as an incidental means of attaining virtue. Experience proves the melancholy truth; has not the youth of France been more depraved in their taste, more corrupt in their morals, since that disastrous epoch, at which impiety had become popular, and had overrun every public institution, in order to burn up in the root every social and religious virtue? 4. In a word, a teacher must be highly gifted with the powers of persuasion, which inspires the love of virtue to his pupils, by exhibiting her in the most attractive form, bringing

under her power and influence, the hardest hearts and most haughty characters, by a happy mixture of mildness, firmness, and authority, which rises above all obstacles to the reform of morals, both with vigour and skill. Without this essential necessary, the pains, the instructions, the example of the teacher would be fruitless ; all he would gather from his labour, would be the cheerless certainty of his having worked in vain.

1. The Jesuits were remarkable for instructing youth in their duties, in their catechisms, in their retreats, and in pious congregations. If the youth of the present day, said the judicious Fleury in his day, be, without comparison, so much better instructed than those of former times, it is in a great measure ascribable to the excellency of the Jesuits' catechisms.\*

2. These fathers added great weight to their instructions on virtue, by the force of their own example. No one discovered amongst them, that monstrous contradiction of precept and example, which lets down the instructor, throws suspicion around the principles of truth, and casts an air of contemptible ridicule upon the preceptor and his precepts. They lived under a severe rule, they faithfully observed not only the commands of God, but the evangelical counsels, they practised what they taught, and acted before they commanded. The purity of their morals has ever been so far above censure, that their enemies even have done them justice upon this head. The bishop Fitzjames published a letter in his Appeal, in which he vehemently abuses the order ; "but as to their morals," says he, "they are pure. We willingly do them the justice to admit, that there is not in the whole church, an order whose members are more regular and severe in their morals."† To the testimony of this prelate, I will also add that of the Jansenistical author of the pamphlet published in 1817, *Upon the Pope and the Jesuits*, who frankly admits, that *very frequently the scandalous conduct of those who replaced the Jesuits, made the fathers to be regretted*; and he soon after adds, "The Jesuits led a life of frugality ; they were modestly dressed, and with ordinary cloth. Their buildings had nothing magnificent in them ; and in their furniture one saw nothing that did not suit the simplicity of the religious state."‡ These admissions are worth collecting, as they come from the mouths of avowed enemies of the society. *Satis firmum est testimonium, quod perhibetur veritati, ab ipsis inimicis.*

3. The Jesuits did not confine their exertions merely to the instruction of youth, and giving them an example of virtue ; they laboured, moreover, with a zeal that nothing could check, at the reform of the characters of their pupils, the improvement of their morals, and the infusion of religious piety into their souls. Hence that unceasing application of the teachers to instil into their scholars a taste for study, and a real spirit of emulation, to divert them from habits of indolence, the ordinary source of licentiousness. Hence that continual vigilance, by night and day, upon the actions of their pupils, in order to stop any rising evil in the beginning ; that just severity, which forbids the explanation or lecture of obscene

\* Preface to his *Historical Catechism.*

† Page 20.

‡ Pag. 78. 2d Edit.

books, which punishes the frequenting of licentious spectacles, which breaks up dangerous or suspicious friendships, and drives without commiseration from their colleges all incorrigible subjects, who encouraged disorder and misconduct. Hence also that attention to recommend modesty and decency in their deportment, moderation and politeness in classical disputes, ease and good breeding in their conversation, that active and patient charity, which accommodates itself to all characters and all circumstances, which avails itself of private advice and public exhortation, brings successively into action honour, friendship, and fear, to subdue, keep under, or correct disorderly propensities, at the moment they take root and begin to shoot; that imprescriptible usage of requiring from each pupil a monthly bill (certificate) of his having been to his confessor; a practice which I must allow ranks not very highly in the department of morals in this age, in which the pride of intellect extinguishes all piety; yet am I free to say, it is a wholesome practice of devotion, which keeps men within the boundaries of duty, and wards off those fatal abandonments of passion, which frequently heap disgrace upon whole families, throw them into untimely mourning, or plunge them into unmerited distress. Hence, in a word, those retreats consecrated to piety, where they thunder the divine word, in order to rouse in the hardened sinner that remorse which leads to repentance, in which they display, before the eyes of youth, the attractives to virtue, and the delights of the heavenly kingdom, to draw timid souls to virtue by the attraction of rewards, which might be intimidated into despondency, and driven into despair, from the awful dread of eternal punishments; those useful congregations (or brotherhoods), which in the fashionable irreligious language of our days, are termed aggregations of enthusiasts and fanatics, where, in defiance of the philosophism of the day, young and feeble virtue found, in the imposing pomp of religious ceremonies, and in the attractive example of the youth of the highest ranks in society, an impenetrable shield against the attacks of human respect; that is, in plain language, against the most destructive weapon, ever levelled against morality. Such was the zeal of the Society in forming youth to social and religious virtue. I have advanced nothing which is not literally true. "It is the public voice," says the author of the *Apologie des Jesuites*, "forced by the great power of truth from the lips of the bitterest of enemies, that, of all public institutions which exist, the colleges of the Jesuits are those which are most successful in training up youth to morality and virtue."

4. In a word, the Jesuits possessed in an eminent degree the happy power of persuading, which crowns all the labours of the teachers in rendering pleasing, attractive, and useful, the lessons of virtue and example which he gives to his pupil, and renders fruitful his solicitude and zeal. The authority which they exercised over the youth committed to their charge, was untainted with any thing like haughtiness or disdain. They cautiously avoided that didactic pedantry, which breeds disgust and contempt, and provokes insubordination. Their virtue had nothing harsh or savage in it; their manners were pleasing and always bespoke good breeding. They won the hearts of their pupils by the polish of their language, by amenity of temper,



and a real paternal affection and tenderness. The high degree of credit and reputation which they enjoyed in every town in France, gave them an additional ascendancy over the minds of their pupils, and rendered them the more docile to the advice of friendship, and, when necessary, to the word of command.

I may spare myself the trouble of quoting any authority to substantiate the truth of my assertion, that the Jesuits were eminently gifted with the powers of persuasion. The enemies of the institute have frequently upbraided them with acrimony, that they were artful and insinuating, that they had a thorough knowledge of the human heart, and well knew the readiest and most efficient means of attaining the objects of their pursuit; and, if the unbelievers of the last century exerted themselves with so much energy, to withdraw the rising youth of their day from the tuition and instruction of the fathers, it arose from their conviction, that so long as the national youth should be committed to the charge of the Jesuits to be educated, the cause of incredulity (modern philosophism) never could triumph in France. An evident proof that they ascribed to the Society a peculiar talent of enchaining youth to the car of Christianity, and forming their hearts to the virtues of the gospel. I will, however, cite one very affecting scene, which shews to what degree the Jesuits possessed the affections and confidence of their scholars; the instance is reported by an eye-witness. "I have seen," says one of the authors of the *Answer to the Assertions*, "the scholars of the college of *Louis le Grand*, mute from grief, tear themselves, in sullen silence, or with sobs and tears, from the embraces of their masters; I was witness to the regret and embarrassment under which their parents consulted the fathers, about the future instructors to whom they should confide the education of their children, when taken out of the hands of the fathers of the Society. I know several who pressed young Jesuits, with extraordinary earnestness, to undertake to continue, in a private manner, to finish the education of those they had begun to instruct. I exaggerate not in saying, that our enemies themselves witnessed all I have asserted, and were enraged at it. Their sole wish and hope were, that, in process of time, they would lose the recollection of the Jesuits, and of the manner in which they had been oppressed."

Such was the ascendancy of the Jesuits over their pupils, whom they cherished like tender fathers, and listened to them like sincere friends. With what wonderful effect then are not the lessons of virtue inculcated, and enforced by example, on the minds of docile and submissive youth, when accompanied with so much zeal, talent, and reputation?

Never did Jesuits harbour within their walls the maxims or the doctrines of modern sophisters. They acknowledged no philosophy, that appeared to infringe revelation or morals; but not on that account did they forego a modest claim to the title of philosophers. Those among them, who best deserved it, were actively employed in detecting, exposing and refuting the fallacies of the modern Voltairian school; and, without effecting the peculiarity of the name, they were satisfied with being philosophers in the ancient acceptance of the



term ; that is, while they inculcated respect for divine revelation, and for established authority, they never ceased, during two hundred years, to furnish a succession of professors, who unfolded the principles of natural and of moral knowledge. And what branch of human science was banished from their schools ? Their public lessons might be called *elementary* by deep proficient ; but they were accommodated to the capacity of the bulk of their youthful auditors ; their object was to awaken in them the love of science, to lay the foundation on which the edifice of deep knowledge was afterwards to rise. It is allowed, that the most distinguished scholars in every branch, in past times, generally had been trained in the Jesuits' schools ; and can it be said, with truth, that none of the masters, who had taught them, ever rose to eminence ; that none of them were philosophers ? That they never affected to assume the title is allowed ; their philosophy was more circumspect. On their first principle they accepted, and they taught others to accept, without hesitation, the oracles of the church of Christ ; they never blushed for their faith, or, as it was miscalled, their credulity. They believed sublime truths, that surpassed comprehension, because they feared God, who attests them, and knew that he cannot deceive. Fixed in this first principle, they conceived no incongruity in joining to it eager researches into the secrets of nature, steady pursuit of improvement in every human science. If eminence in these justly confers the title of *philosopher*, it is strange, that the doctors of the new antichristian school should have overlooked the names of innumerable Jesuits in every branch of science, who were respected as philosophers, until faith in divine revelation was reckoned to depreciate all literary merit. It would be tedious to rehearse the multitude of names, which might be adduced ; but I must observe, that the succession of them was never discontinued ; and that, in the very last state of the society, there were men among them revered and consulted by the most eminent professors and academicians, who disdained to be mere disciples of Voltaire and D'Alembert. The best mathematicians of Italy bowed to the names of Riccati and Lecchi. The most eminent astronomers frequented the observatories of the Jesuits at Rome, Florence, and Milan, directed by the fathers Boscovich, Ximenes, and La Grange. Fathers Meyer and Hall were celebrated through Germany, and the Polish Jesuit Poczebult, the royal astronomer at Wilna, was known wherever astronomy was cultivated. The celebrated M. Lalande, and our own astronomer, Dr. Maskelyne, did not disdain his correspondence. Lalande, in particular, in his writings, mentions these Jesuit philosophers with honor.

## APPENDIX C.

During the reign of John V., the Jesuits were in high favour at the court of Lisbon. That king expired in the arms of the famous Malagrida. Carvalho, Marquis of Pombal, was then a real or pretended friend of the Society. The Jesuits, whom king John consulted, recommended him, with little forecast, for the embassies of London and Vienna, and, afterwards, to his successor, Joseph I., as prime minister. He soon, however, betrayed his jealousy of the power and credit of the Jesuits; and he determined to effect their ruin. The first opportunity of persecuting them arose from the treaty with Spain for an exchange of lands and fixing new boundaries in South America, the motive of which we have already seen. The disorder, that ensued among the Indians, the marquis imputed to the influence and ambition of the Jesuits; whence arose the absurd fable of the Jesuit king Nicolas, and of the project and attempt to usurp the dominion of South America, which, with great industry and many foul arts, he propagated all over Europe. The insurrection of the Paraguay Indians is usually called the first cause of Pombal's hatred of the Jesuits. In his ambitious views of engrossing all authority and power, he dreaded opposition from the king's brother, Don Pedro, who was greatly attached to the order. A dispensation had been obtained from Rome to allow Don Pedro to marry his niece, and Pombal, with confidence of success, endeavoured to prevent the marriage. He strove to inspire the king with jealousy of his brother, suggested various reasons why the princess ought to be given to some foreign prince, and recommended William duke of Cumberland in preference to all others. The king consulting his confessor, F. Moreira, that Jesuit prevailed upon his master to reject the proposal. On that occasion, the marquis vowed vengeance, not only against the prince and F. Moreira, but against the whole order of Jesuits. Another grand cause of his rage against the Society was but too well known to the missionaries. The greatest obstacle to the success of their missions among the Indians had always been the prevalence and violence of the rich European settlers, and more frequently still of the royal governors. They had often been able, by their credit at Madrid and Lisbon, to protect the poor Indians from personal outrage and slavery, yet it was always a difficult struggle. Pombal had made his brother, who was called Xavier Mendoza, governor general of Maragnon, in the Brazils, and never had the country before known a tyrant so despotic and outrageous. The pious queen dowager, Mariana of Austria, greatly favoured the missions. When any Jesuits sailed for Brazil, she regularly exhorted them to attend seriously to the propagation of religion, and directed them to inform her exactly of whatever obstacles they might experience from the king's officers, and the Portuguese settlers, promising redress for their injuries and concealment of their names. In full confidence of her protection the missionaries often preferred serious complaints against Xavier Mendoza,

and the wrong of the poor Indians were frequently redressed. The minister's anger at these accusation of his brother, of which he could not discover the authors, almost drove him mad : but the queen dying, he contrived to get possession of her private papers, and discovered the channel of intelligence. His increased rage against the missionaries and Jesuits in general may be imagined.

The conduct of the Jesuits, after the earthquake in 1755, afforded him fresh grounds of enmity. They spread themselves through the city and the adjacent country, everywhere inviting the people to repentance. Their sermons were everywhere attended by multitudes ; their confessionals were thronged. Penitential processions were instituted ; the city was edified. In their discourses, they attributed the public calamity to a special visitation of Divine Providence, with the design of chastising the increasing depravity of morals in all ranks, and inviting them to repentance. The court was pleased with the exertions of the Jesuits. The king, in particular, thanked their provincial, and ordered the repairs of their professed house to be undertaken and defrayed by the royal treasury. This mark of royal favour sorely mortified the minister : he complained of the fanaticism of the Jesuits, especially of Malagrida, who had printed a discourse on the subject of the earthquake, which was read and highly commended by the king. His majesty had signified his intention of making a spiritual retreat, or exercise, for a week, under the direction of that celebrated father. The marquis, after innumerable other artifices to discredit the Jesuits, and their doctrine of an interfering Providence, assured the king, that a conspiracy was formed to overturn the government ; that, unless Malagrida were withdrawn, a public sedition would ensue. The king, intimidated, at length consented to his removal ; but the crafty minister, dreading the resentment of the whole city, applied, the same day, to the pope's nuncio, and stating the king's authority and positive request, prevailed upon him to order Malagrida to retire from Lisbon to Setubal. He then forbade processions, or other marks of public penance and devotion, publicly alleging, that the misfortune of the city was to be attributed solely to natural causes ; and by these and other means he succeeded in keeping the weak king in constant dread of imaginary plots, conspiracies, and insurrections. The king was soon completely subdued ; everything was abandoned to the disposal of the minister ; his authority and power became absolute, and he soon displayed his real character in such a series of despotic and tyrannical deeds as the annals of mankind cannot equal. These may be found fully detailed in the four volumes of his life, printed at Florence in 1785 ; in *Memoires du Marquis de Pombal* ; in *Anecdotes du Ministère du Marquis de Pombal* ; and in various other publications. His power with the king expired in 1777, when he was imprisoned, impeached, and convicted, by the unanimous voice of his judges, of enormous crimes, deserving capital punishment. The queen was prevailed upon, by the intercession of some of the foreign courts, to remit the sentence : he was only banished to Pombal, where he died in 1783. "Who would think," said the Abbé Garnier, in his funeral oration for Joseph I., "that one man, by abusing the confidence and authority

of a good king, could, for the space of twenty years, silence every tongue, close every mouth, shut up every heart, hold truth captive, lead falsehood in triumph, efface every trace of justice, force respect to be paid to iniquity and barbarity, and enslave public opinion from one end of Europe to the other?" Such was Sebastian Joseph Carvalho, marquis of Pombal, the enemy of the Jesuits, and prime promoter of their destruction. The very enmity of such a man is a strong negative proof of innocence and virtue.





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